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ILLUSTRATIONS.

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THE

Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1900. NO. 2.

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THE GROWTH OF MOUNTAINEERING.

BY MR. HORACE WALKER.*

(*Read before the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, October 18th, 1899.*)

DURING the forty-five years which have elapsed since I ascended my first snow mountain, I have had of course some adventures in the Alps, but I do not intend to inflict the relation of them on you to-night. When I began to climb there was a wide choice of unascended peaks before the climber in search of novelties, and we generally chose the easiest way up a new peak. As time went on novelties became scarcer and a new race of climbers arose, far surpassing in skill their predecessors. They were driven, if they wished to make a new expedition, to more difficult and more dangerous routes, so that their adventures have naturally been more striking and more bloodcurdling than mine.

So to-night, if your "Silent Member" has returned from Scarborough, he need fear no indigestion from descriptions of "stomach crawls." I merely propose briefly to describe the feeling which has at different times been entertained towards the mountains, and to give a short history of the conquest of the Alpine peaks.

It is difficult for the climber of to-day, who cranes his neck out of the carriage window as the train emerges from the tunnel at Olten to greet his old friends of the Oberland, to realise that the mountains with which he is on terms of affectionate intimacy for many centuries only inspired horror and aversion. It is true, as Mr. Leslie

* I am indebted to Mr. Coolidge and Sir F. Pollock for information about the early writers and climbers.

Stephen points out, that "a certain view from 'an exceeding high mountain' was considered as highly attractive by a very good judge of human pleasures," but there can be no doubt that practically up to the middle of the last century the feelings towards mountains were as I have stated. A typical instance of this is given by an English scribe of the 10th century, who could find no more terrific imprecation to cast on the heads of violators of the documents which he drafted than that they might be "tormented by the icy blasts of glaciers and by the Pennine hosts of malignant demons."

There was, however, a notable exception to this state of opinion in the middle of the 16th century, when we find our modern feelings towards the high mountains anticipated, as many other modern ideas were, by the Renaissance. Among a band of professors of the Swiss Universities we find that terror has given way to an intelligent desire for knowledge, and aversion to admiration. Conrad Gesner, a distinguished man of science in the University of Zurich, writes in 1541 to a friend at Glarus:—

"I have resolved for the future, so long as God grants me life, to ascend divers mountains every year, or at least one, in the season when vegetation is at its height, partly for botanical observation, partly for the worthy exercise of the body and recreation of the mind. What must be the pleasure, think you, what the delight of a mind rightly touched, to gaze upon the huge mountain masses and, as it were, lift one's head into the clouds? The soul is strangely rapt with these astonishing heights, and carried off to the contemplation of the one supreme Architect. Those who long after wisdom will always feast the eyes of body and mind on the goodly sights of this earthly paradise; by no means the least among which are the abruptly soaring summits, the trackless steeps, the vast slopes rising to the sky, the rugged rocks and the shady woods."

The intelligent mountaineer of the present day might well take these words of Gesner as his creed. There is in them not only the love of mountain scenery, but also

the "Labor ipse voluptas" idea, the love of earning the sight by one's own bodily exertion.

Shortly after this, Josias Simler, also of Zurich, published his "Commentarius de Alpibus"—a very remarkable work. Not only are the different Alpine districts described, but "for *the first time* sound, practical advice is given as to the precautions to be adopted when making excursions above the snow line."

But for the religious troubles which visited Europe after the Reformation, it seems likely that Gesner and Simler would have founded the first Alpine Club. The thirty years' war, however, swept away the work completely, and the old feeling resumed its sway, even among men of culture. A century and a half later, Addison, writing from what he calls "the top of the highest mountain in Switzerland," can find nothing more worthy of comment than the number of wooden legs in one family. It is fair, however, to state that speaking of the view from the terrace at Berne, he says: "There is the noblest summer prospect in the world from this walk, for you have a full view of a noble range of mountains that lie in the country of the Grisons, and are buried in snow."

To come down a little later, Dr. Johnson's opinion of Scotland is well known. Writing of his journey to that country he says, "It will readily occur that this uniformity of barrenness can afford very little amusement to the traveller; that it is easy to sit at home and conceive rocks, heaths, and waterfalls." In the same spirit Goldsmith, writing from Holland, complains of Scotland. "There hills and rocks intercept every prospect; here it is all a continued plain."

However, towards the middle of the last century a different feeling began to be manifested by a few writers. Among others the poet Gray, and his companion, Horace Walpole, expressed their admiration of the scenery of the Grande Chartreuse in Savoy, which they visited in making the Grand Tour.

It was however, J. J. Rousseau who was the Luther of the new creed of mountain worship. One might

wish, perhaps, for a nobler and manlier founder of one's faith, but Mr. Leslie Stephen points out that he was addicted to two amusements characteristic of the genuine mountaineer. "One is gazing for hours over a parapet at the foam-spotted waters of a torrent. The other is a sport whose charms are as unspeakable as they are difficult of analysis. It consists in rolling big stones down a cliff to dash themselves to pieces at its foot. No one who cannot contentedly spend hours in that fascinating, though simple sport, really loves a mountain."

It was undoubtedly to the influence of Rousseau that the changed feeling towards mountains was due; how great the change was may be seen from the great English poets at the beginning of this century.

But, although admiration had taken the place of disgust, the feeling of distrust still lingered, and as late as 1854 the editor of Murray's Handbook could write of Mont Blanc: "It is a somewhat remarkable fact that a large proportion of those who have made this ascent have been persons of unsound mind." I hope that editor was mistaken in his theory, as three years ago your President not only committed that act of lunacy, but induced me to accompany him.

Having thus shortly traced the feelings towards mountain scenery down to the present day, I will turn to the history of mountain ascents.

The earliest record of a deliberate attack on an Alpine peak is the attempt on the Roche Melon, shortly described by an 11th-century chronicler. This peak, which rises above the Mont Cenis Pass, is 11,605 feet in height. Coryat, who crossed the pass in 1608, mentioned that the height is estimated at 14 miles! The attempt which was made by a certain Count Clement and a follower was defeated by mist and falling stones. A party of clerics repeated the adventure, but as they chanted litanies and hymns all the time, no doubt to exorcise the demons mentioned before, their want of success is not surprising. In 1358 Rotario d'Asti succeeded in reaching the top, and probably in fulfilment

of a vow built a chapel close to the summit. To this chapel there is still a regular pilgrimage in August, frequented by thousands.

The early history of Mont Pilatus is interesting. After his suicide in prison, the body of Pontius Pilate was thrown by the executioner into the Tiber. A disastrous inundation of Rome and the surrounding campagna immediately followed. The body was then drawn up from the river by a criminal under sentence of death, as no one else would undertake such a dangerous duty, and sent to Naples, where it was thrown into the crater of Vesuvius. The eruption which destroyed Pompeii at once occurred. A citizen of Naples recovered the corpse from the crater, losing his life in the deed. It was then put into a boat, towed out to sea, and turned adrift. The boat was driven by the wind up the Rhone as far as Vienne, where it capsized owing to collision with the pier of the bridge. Then the same prodigies were repeated: the river overflowed its banks, the crops and vines were destroyed by hail, and lightning fell on the town. This devastation lasted for two hundred years, till the Wandering Jew happened to pass through the town. On being appealed to by the inhabitants he descended into the river and brought up the body, which he carried off on his shoulders. After going round the world without finding a suitable place in which to deposit it, as it would everywhere renew the misfortunes which it had already caused, the Wandering Jew happened to cross the mountain then called *Fracmont*, and decided that that was a suitable spot. So mounting to the top of the Esel he threw from there the body of Pilate into the little lake near the top. A tremendous storm was at once felt at Lucerne, and from that day the clouds which used to pass above the mountain now descended on it as a "meeting place for tournament and war." Some time afterwards a wandering monk returning from the Holy Land extorted Pilate's consent to remain quietly in the lake except on Fridays, when he was allowed to make the circuit of the lake three times, clad in his judge's robes. At other times people throwing stones into the

lake roused his unquiet spirit, and tremendous storms ensued. Certain it is that the Government of Lucerne forbade all strangers to approach the lake, and in 1387 six bold, bad men who had broken this regulation were sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for their reckless conduct.

Towards the close of the 13th century Peter III., of Aragon, ascended Canigou (9,135 feet) in the Pyrenees. He started with two knights, who soon gave in, so Peter completed the ascent alone. As horses can now be ridden to within half an hour of the top, there seems to be no reason for doubting the royal word. Peter seems to have been a merry monarch, for when he rejoined his knights he told them that he had found a lake on the top, and that when he cast a stone into it a great and terrible dragon came out of it and flew away, breathing out a vapour which filled the air.

The belief in dragons was firmly established in those days, and lingered down to the time of Scheuchzer, who in his "Itinera Alpina," published at the beginning of the 18th century, gives pictures of no less than eight varieties of these monsters.

They were not always malignant. The monastery of Debra Damo, near Axum, in Abyssinia, was founded by Tekla Haimanout, the greatest of Abyssinian saints. It is so situated that those who go to it must be drawn up by a rope. The saint, however, was originally raised to the summit by hanging on to the tail of a dragon. In one of the early volumes of the "Alpine Journal," there is a reproduction of an old view of the saint and his amiable monster.

Although, as I have pointed out already, a good deal seemed to be known at the time of Simler about the dangers of the High Alps and the proper methods of encountering them, still no records of any ascents above the snow line have come down to us. It was not till the year 1739 that the ascent of a snow peak was accomplished. In that year the Titlis (10,827 feet) was ascended by a monk of the Benedictine monastery at Engelberg.

Two years later two English travellers visited Chamonix. There had been a Benedictine Priory there since the 13th century, and Bishops of Geneva held visitations there as far back as 1411, but Pococke and Windham were the first tourists to publish an account of their visit to the valley. They ascended the Montanvert and visited the Mer de Glace, and published a short account of their travels.

In the year 1740 Horace Bénedict de Saussure was born. It was owing to him that the earliest attempts to reach the summit of Mont Blanc were made. These efforts were not successful till 1786, when Jacques Balmat discovered the route and made the first ascent with Dr. Paccard. The following year De Saussure made his celebrated ascent, to be followed a week later by an Englishman, Col. Beaufoy.

De Saussure's ascent and the publication of his Alpine Travels attracted increased attention to the Alps, and particularly to Mont Blanc itself, which in the next fifty years was ascended some twenty times; but these ascents were made out of curiosity, and we do not find that any of the men who made the ascent were led by it to further exploration among the mountains.

Perhaps the extraordinary amount of clothing which they thought it necessary to wear as protection against cold may partly account for that. As every other one who ascended Mont Blanc in those days published an account of his adventures, we know a good deal about these early ascents. This is what some of them used to wear: a good pair of lamb's-wool stockings, two pairs of gaiters, two pairs of cloth trousers, two shirts, two waistcoats, a shooting coat, and over all a woollen smock-frock. I am sure that if I had to struggle up Mont Blanc arrayed like one of these I should think mountaineering a much over-rated amusement.

With the exception of Mont Blanc, but little was done in the mountains for the next twenty-five years. Père Murith, of the St. Bernard, had ascended Mont Vélan (12,353 feet) in 1779, and in the Eastern Alps the Count von Salm, Prince Bishop of Gurk, made an

attempt in 1799 on the Gross Glockner, the highest peak in his province of Carinthia. He did not then succeed in getting to the top; perhaps the plentiful supply of pineapples, melons, Tokay and Malaga, which we are told was laid in, may account for the want of success. Some of his retinue, however, who perhaps had not had access to the Tokay, undoubtedly reached the summit. The Bishop tried again in 1806, but was again defeated.

The Ortler Spitze (12,814 feet), the highest peak in Tyrol, was ascended about this time (1804) by a native hunter, in consequence of a reward offered by Archduke John of Austria, but, perhaps owing to the Napoleonic wars, we hear of no more climbing in Austria for many years. The Marmolata, the highest and easiest of the Dolomites, was not vanquished till 1864, though I may mention that a priest lost his life in a crevasse there in making an attempt on it in 1804.

To return to the Central Alps, it was not till 1811 that the next important ascent is recorded. In that year the brothers Meyer, of Aarau, accomplished the ascent of the Jungfrau, and, in the following year, of the Finsteraarhorn (14,026 feet), the highest of the Bernese Oberland. The Zumstein Spitze of Monte Rosa was reached in 1820, the Tödi in 1837, and the Signal Kuppe in 1842, but it was not till about 1850 that climbing began to be practised to any extent. A few years before that Prof. Forbes, with Agassiz and other savants of Neuchâtel, did a good deal of exploration on the glaciers, but they were tinged with the scientific heresy, and did not practise climbing for its own sake. It was the ascent of the Wetterhorn, from Grindelwald, in 1854, by Mr. (now Mr. Justice) Wills, and the charming account of that and other excursions which he published, that led to the formation of the Alpine Club in 1857.

It would be easy to show the moral superiority of mountaineering over other sports, but unprofitable, for men do not choose their sport on ethical grounds. Indeed, it might not be considered a recommendation. We most of us sympathise in our hearts with the advice

given by Miss Medora Trevilian to her friend on the choice of a husband:

> "If he's only an excellent person,
> My own Araminta, say 'No.'"

So I will not dwell on that point, nor on the pleasures of the sport: suffice it to say that I believe there are few who could not, at the end of a good day on a high mountain, say with Gesner: "What entertainment can you find in this world so high, so worthy, and in every respect so perfect?"

After the formation of the Alpine Club climbing went on merrily, and by 1865 most of the high peaks of the Alps had been climbed. The last of the higher peaks of the Oberland, the Balmhorn (12,176 feet), was ascended in 1864 by my father, sister, and myself, and the next year saw the downfall of the last Zermatt peaks, the Gabelhorn (13,364 feet) and the Matterhorn (14,781 feet). Perhaps the Grandes Jorasses (13,797 feet) was the last great peak to yield. Mr. Whymper reached the W. peak in 1865, but the higher E. peak was first ascended by me in 1868.

After the fall of the great central peaks, climbers in search of novelties either gave their attention to finding new ways up the high mountains or to the exploration of less known districts.

Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Gardiner devoted themselves with great success to the Alps of Savoy and Dauphiné, in which latter district hardly anything more than the Mont Pelvoux and the Pic des Ecrins had been climbed. The ascent of the Meije (13,081 feet, first climbed by a French gentleman) by Messrs. Charles and Lawrence Pilkington and Mr. F. Gardiner, without guides, in 1879, is still remembered as a notable performance which gave a great impetus to guideless climbing.

Mr. Douglas Freshfield, however, was not satisfied with the Alps, and in 1868 started for the Caucasus in company with the late Mr. Moore and Mr. Tucker. They ascended Kazbeck (16,546 feet), the peak on which Prometheus was bound, and the eastern peak of Elbruz. Six years later another party reached the western sum-

mit, 18,470 feet in height, now reckoned by geographers as the highest mountain in Europe. Since then many of the high peaks of the Caucasus have been scaled by Mr. Woolley, Mr. Dent, and others.

Mr. Freshfield's example soon bore fruit, and many distant mountain chains have been visited. The New Zealand Alps have been explored by the Rev. W. S. Green, Mr. E. A. FitzGerald, and some members of the New Zealand Alpine Club, three of whom had the honour of reaching the summit of Mount Cook, the highest in the island.

Mr. Edward Whymper visited the Andes of Ecuador in 1879-80, and reached Chimborazo (20,500 feet), Cotopaxi, and other well-known mountains. Mr. Fitz-Gerald three years ago headed a party to explore the Chilian Andes. Owing to illness he was not able to reach Aconcagua, the highest mountain of the American continent, but one of his companions, Mr. Stuart Vines, and the guide, Mattias Zurbriggen of Macugnaga, were more fortunate, and succeeded in reaching the summit, 23,080 feet in height. With the possible exception of an ascent by Mr. Graham in the Himalayas, about the accuracy of which some doubt has been expressed, this is the greatest elevation yet attained. Last year Sir Martin Conway visited Bolivia, and climbed Illimani, and to within 300 feet of the top of Sorata, when he was stopped by an ice slope in a dangerous condition. He also repeated the ascent of Aconcagua.

In 1892 Mr. (now Sir Martin) Conway made his notable expedition to the Karakoram district of the Himalayas. He did not succeed in getting near K. 2, the second highest peak in the world (28,250 feet), but he reached a peak of 22,700 feet. Three years later three English mountaineers went out to try conclusions with Nanga Parbat (26,630 feet), but owing to the sad death, it is supposed by an avalanche, of Mr. Mummery, one of the most skilful of climbers and most amiable of men, nothing was accomplished.

In North America several parties have visited the Rocky and other ranges of mountains. Professor Dixon,

Dr. Collie, and Mr. Baker have been very successful in exploring much new ground. Further north the Duca degli Abruzzi, with a strong party, succeeded in reaching the summit of Mount St. Elias (18,092 feet), long supposed to be the highest in North America. Latterly, however, it has been deposed by Mount Logan, to which a height of 19,500 feet is ascribed.

It would be impertinence on my part, in addressing a Club presided over by Mr. Slingsby, to enter on the subject of climbing in Norway, so that only Africa remains. There, in 1889, a German party succeeded in scaling Kilimanjaro (19,718 feet), the highest peak in Africa, and this year Mr. H. J. Mackinder, at his third attempt, reached the summit of Mount Kenya, which proved to be 17,180 feet, estimates previous to Captain Smith's observations in 1895-7 having given it a height of over 19,000 feet.

This completes the climbing record to the present day, but before these words are in print we may be gratified by hearing that that veteran explorer, Mr. Freshfield, and his companion, Mr. Garwood, have succeeded in their attack on Kinchinjunga (28,150 feet); "a consummation devoutly to be wished."*

* This wish has unfortunately not been realised. The party met with such heavy snowstorms as to make an attempt on Kinchinjunga out of the question. They succeeded, however, in making for the first time the circuit of the mountain, crossing several passes of great height.

THE KESWICK BROTHERS' CLIMB, SCAFELL.

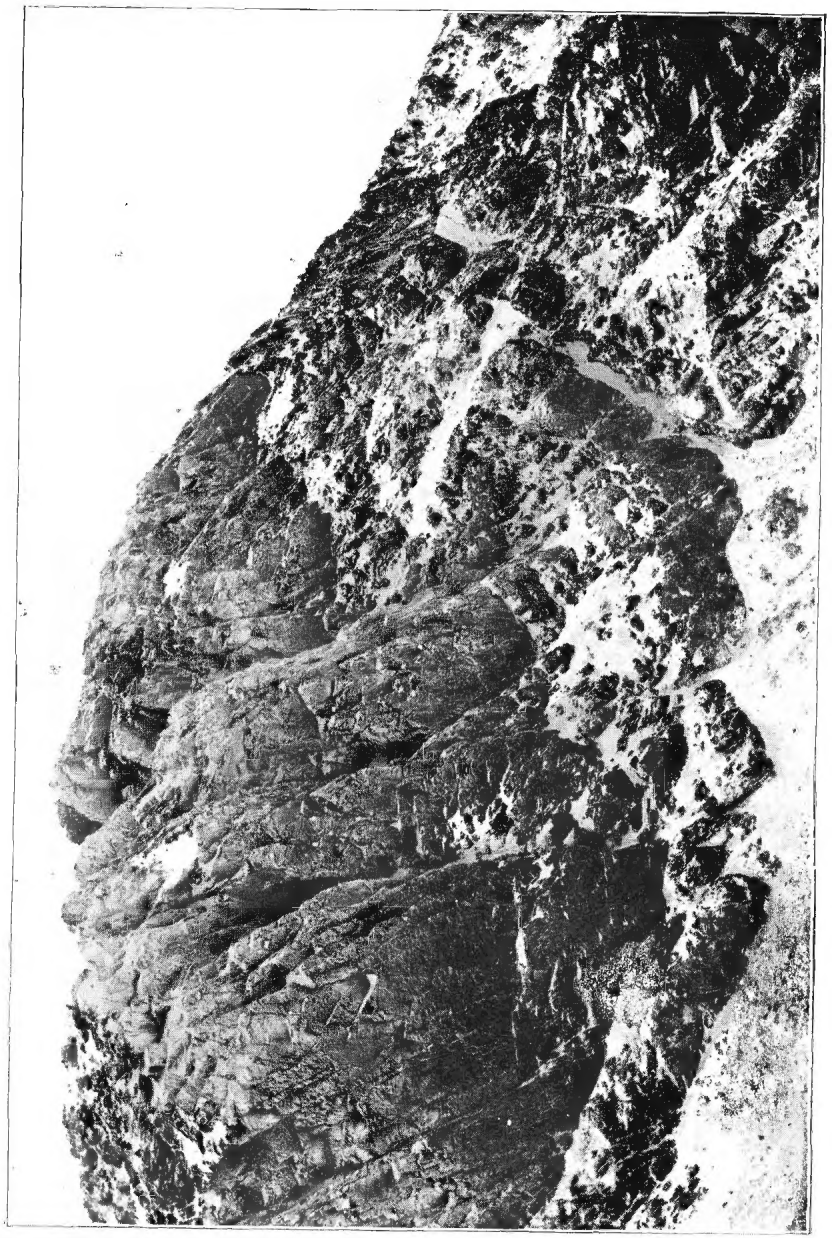
By J. W. Puttrell.

"Cave canem" indeed! rather should the Pompeiian adage be modernised into "Cave Editorem!"

As a humble, albeit loyal, member of the "Y.R.C.," one scarcely dared refuse the Editor's invitation, though the last paragraph in the Editorial Notes of the Club's Journal, anent the disinclination of the average member to put pen to paper, applies in very truth to the writer. However, it is a pleasant duty to tell how the Keswick Brothers' Climb on Scafell was accomplished.

Mr. Haskett Smith, in his slight, yet most useful and interesting book, "Climbing in England," gives high place to the Scafell Crags, west of Mickledore, for their grandeur, both to look at and to climb, and "in consequence," he says, "the ground has been gone over very closely by climbers of exceptional skill, and climbing of a somewhat desperate character has occasionally been indulged in." The truth of these remarks is apparent to all who know the locality and the stupendous crags referred to. There are, however, even yet, in my opinion, openings and opportunities there sufficient to satisfy the most desperate of desperadoes in the climbing fraternity. From 1893 until July, 1897, the four noted climbs on these Crags, namely, North Climb, Collier's Climb, Moss Ghyll, and Deep Ghyll, held indisputably the "right of way" to the summit level, although many and varied were the assaults made to force a new route. It may not be out of place here to briefly detail the story of an attempt made by a party of four in July, 1896, which yielded fruit the following year.

After a few scrambles on Dow Crag (Coniston) and elsewhere, the writer, with a friend, set out for "pastures new," to wit, Scafell, and as we looked from a distance at its great north face I said to my friend, "Carter, surely yon front will go?" He gave me to understand,



A. Holmes. Photo.

NORTH FACE OF SCAFELL, FROM THE PULPIT ROCK.

however, that his opinion was quite the reverse. This negative reply really acted as a tonic, and made me doubly determined to overcome the difficulties of an ascent. Nothing further was said for a time, but as we neared the Crags we espied two tourists, apparently climbers, approaching us. Ever ready to cultivate new friendships, we made it our pleasure to exchange greetings, finally inquiring of each other as to our respective programmes for the day. "We have nothing particular on," said our new acquaintance, Mr. H. Walker, of Whitehaven, who, with his companion, Mr. Gare, had recently returned from the Alps, "so we will follow you." "All right, come along," said I, "let us find a way up the Crags here. Are you game?" The cheery response came, "We are triers, anyway." The writer having accepted the responsibility of leadership, and roping operations being complete, we at once began 'breaking ground,' using the Rake's Progress, the natural terrace along the base of the Crags, from which to commence the attack.

After several desperate and futile attempts to make even a start, a rocky ledge was luckily found above the 'Progress' some 24 feet west of what we afterwards learnt was the foot of Collier's Climb. To the end of this ledge we crawled and climbed. Here we were brought face-on to the second longest of the numerous inclined cracks which are so striking a feature in the Crags. This crack opens out at its broadest here, being at the very least 18 feet wide, and is practically useless as a means of ascent owing to its clean-cut, steeply-slanting walls. Apparently the only alternative to an undignified retreat was for the leader to swing out and up on his arms to the left, and trust to luck for footholds on the wall face. This exciting operation over, and the next 30 or 40 feet safely climbed, the leader arrived at the grassy platform called Collier's Ledge, connecting our crack with the top of the lower half of Collier's Climb, several yards away to the left. The remainder of the party followed with tolerable ease. We here came across the late Mr. O. G. Jones' card, with the record of

his descent inscribed thereon. I little thought at the time it would be my privilege during the ensuing brief two or three years to rank him as one of the closest of friends. The route up the face directly from the Moss Ghyll end of the ledge, appeared to the party far from inviting, especially the take-off from this platform. So after careful consideration, and feeling fully conscious of our weakness in attack, we deemed it advisable to turn left and give our attention to the upper part of Collier's Climb, this to us appearing to be the easiest and most natural way. There were, perhaps, a few soul-stirring events *en route* which one might record, but over these the veil of secrecy shall be drawn. Sufficient is it to mention that we duly arrived at the top, thus successfully completing our first encounter with Scafell Crags. Mention should be made of the able way Mr. Walker seconded the leader's efforts throughout.

Gradually the news spread through Lake District climbing circles that new ground had been broken on these Crags *below* Collier's Ledge. The first, perhaps, to hear of this were the brothers George and Ashley Abraham, of Keswick, and they naturally wished to know more about the affair. At the time, however, the writer was unaware that anything out of the ordinary had been accomplished, and replied to their queries accordingly. The Abrahams thinking otherwise, desired an early opportunity of visiting the spot with the writer, as they thought there was 'something in it.' They rightly surmised, as later events proved, that if the first 30 or 40 feet of this new route were feasible—and we had certainly proved it to be—the remaining 250 or so feet above would 'go' also.

It was not, however, until July 12th, 1897, that the matter was put to the test. Eleven a.m. was the hour and Sty Head Tarn the place mutually agreed upon as our rendezvous, and to the minute, be it said, both parties made their appearance, despite the fact that Keswick and Dungeon Ghyll were the respective starting points. This punctuality appeared to us a good omen of our coming success. As a 'prelude' we made tracks

for the Central Gully on Great End, which climb afforded us some finger-exercise. Near the top we gave the "happy despatch" to our lunch—a conglomerate, if not dangerous mixture—of meat pies, plum tarts, and the ever acceptable, always eatable, Carlsbad plums. This important affair over it did not take us long to reach Mickledore, *viâ* the Ordnance Cairn on Scafell Pike. Before making our way along the Rake's Progress we carefully scanned the face of the Crags from Mickledore, and discussed our intended new route to the sky line.

Arriving at the foot of our climb, we promptly roped in the following order—George Abraham, Ashley, and the writer. Being eager for the fray, we quickly ascended the first 35 or 40 feet, our leader conquering the difficulties in fine style. This brought us to Collier's Ledge, the most westerly point reached by the party of the previous year. We anticipated meeting difficulties hereabouts, and certainly were not disappointed, for we found it required some degree of nerve to leave the spacious ledge and tackle the small crack running up the precipitous face of rock above. Trouble we certainly had, but it was trouble which, perforce, must and did yield to the cautious skill of our leader. After this, first by a series of sloping grass patches, then by interesting ledges of rock, we traversed along the face in a generally rising zigzag fashion towards the right, and arrived on the top of an upright oblong pinnacle of rock, where we erected a small cairn over a card recording the event. In order, however, to more clearly indicate the spot from below, we tied a white handkerchief to a stone, allowing the ends to flap in the breeze. Believing that the main difficulties of the climb had been overcome, "half time" was now called and promptly responded to.

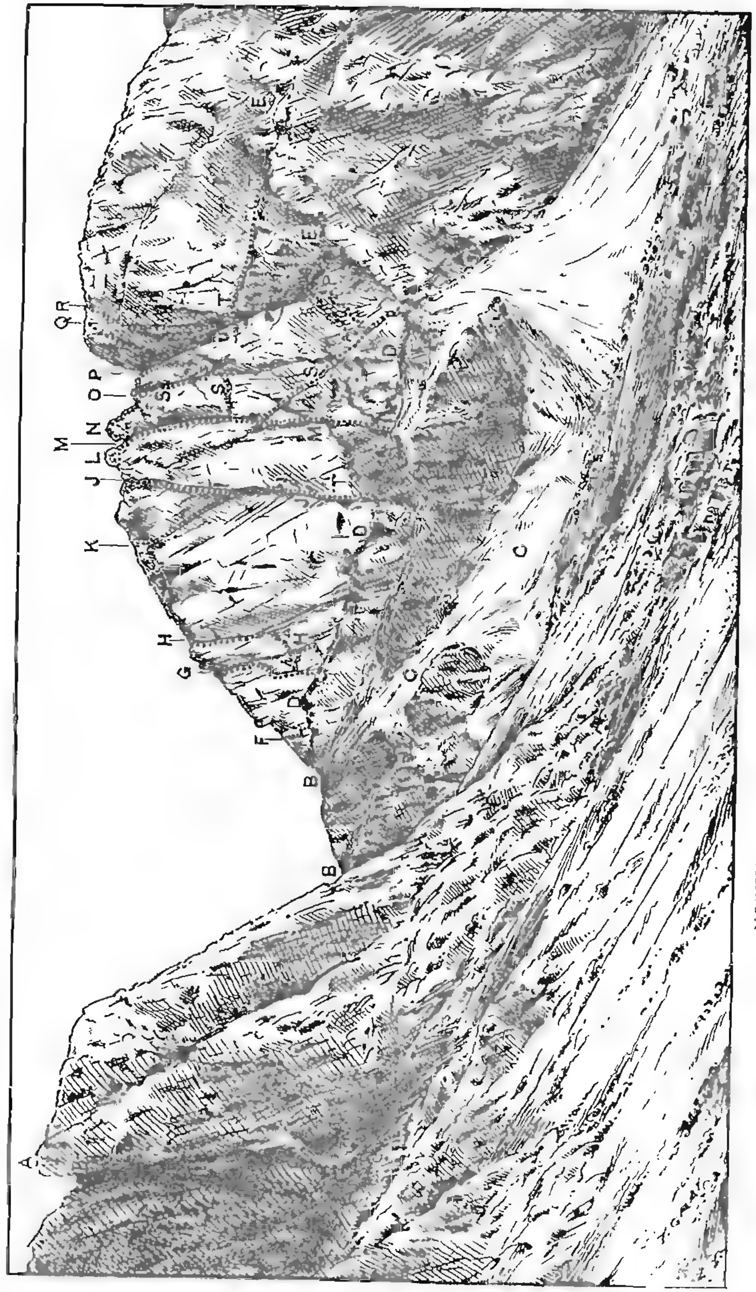
The few minutes of leisure were spent in taking stock of the scenery round and about us; rock scenery which, for grandeur, is probably unequalled on any other part of Scafell. One should not forget to mention the impromptu concert arranged on the spot. We certainly made the "hills resound with song," perhaps more loud than sweet. It gave rise to the following incident.

During a brief break in our revelry we were startled to hear voices from across the screes calling out, "Where are you? Do you require help? Can we do anything for you?" We gazed and wondered, and then stared at each other. "Who are those kind inquiring friends over yonder," remarked one, "who evidently imagine we are stranded and require assistance?" Another took upon himself the responsibility of answering the strangers, and jokingly replied, "Yes: bring us a cup of tea!" Our would-be friends at this, probably realising the situation, turned tail towards Eskdale, we bidding them "Good-bye" as they departed.

"Time" having been called, we recommenced the ascent over good ground, bearing still more to the right, until the long and prominent crack half way between Mickledore and Moss Ghyll was reached. We were now about half way up the crags, and our obvious further course was to leave the face and make use of the crack for the *grande finale*. The great rock chimney which we entered, and which my companions did me the honour of naming the "Puttrell chimney," needed care and *finesse* of touch—especially on the leader's part—to make progress possible without damaging the parietals of those immediately beneath, but it provided a splendid finish to a splendid climb.

A good variation for the last 120 feet, and one which avoids all risk of falling stones, may be made after leaving the chimney part, by keeping to the right (looking up) of the bed of the gully, and hugging the right wall closely until the summit level of the crags is reached. This adds a very interesting though not easy bit of climbing, and was made upon the occasion of the second ascent the following Christmas, when Mr. O. G. Jones was one of the party.

In these few paragraphs I have given an account of the opening up of the latest route to the summit of Scafell Crags. When, and where, the next one will be found the writer cares not to prophesy. Suffice it to say, it will certainly be a feather in the climbing cap of whoever brings it off.



NORTH FACE OF SCAFELL, FROM BELOW PIKE'S CRAG.

MOUNTAINEERING IN NORWAY IN 1899.

By Wm. Cecil Slingsby.

If any proof were needed to show the ever-increasing popularity of Alpine climbing in Norway, a reference to the November number of "The Alpine Journal" will probably prove a surprise, as 18 pages are devoted to notes of new expeditions in that country which were made in 1899. This does not even exhaust the subject, as one of the best rock climbs which has as yet been made in Scandinavia is unrecorded in those pages. This was the ascent of the Smörskredtinder by Messrs. C. W. Patchell and A. B. S. Todd.

The Yorkshire Ramblers are principally interested in the following expeditions:—

Justedalsbræ District.

Udsigtenskar (about 5,500 feet) and descent from Strynskaupe by a new route. Messrs. Wm. Cecil Slingsby, C. W. Patchell, A. B. S. Todd, and O. Erik Todd made this grand glacier pass from the farm of Sundal, intending to ascend to the high snowfield by a steep tongue of glacier on the south of Sundal sæter. As this route was deemed to be dangerous on account of probable avalanches, the party made their way to the top of an old pass, the Sognskar, which they reached in six hours from the farm, and then turned S.W., and after a long and welcome rest and a longer tramp over the snow-covered glacier, they climbed Strynskaupe, where they were spared the necessity of building a cairn, as they found one already in possession of the summit.

As the youngsters desired novelty, a descent to the Lilledalsbræ was made by the steep northern ridge. A lovely bergschrund had to be negotiated, and mighty jumps had to be made. Then a long glissade took the party to an ice plateau above the terminal ice fall. Here, to right, to left, up and down, forward and backward, war was waged against the ice trolds, and the reward of victory was gained after 40 glorious minutes, and at 5.45

the party were welcomed by bright Alpine flowers in the gorge of Lilledal, i.e., the lile dale.

"There's the sæter, we'll have a *romme kolle*," said one. "Rather," said another, "I'll run on and get the milk bowls outside."

"Oh! horrors, there's a beastly cream separator, no thick curds now. Hang the advance of science." Indeed, there was no milk until the cows were milked. The greatest luxury of the sæters, a *romme kolle*, or a bowl of curds ½ to ¾ of an inch thick, which one used to eat with a horn spoon, cannot now be obtained, where formerly one would have been certain to meet with it. In many places near the west coast, farmers have combined, often on a large scale, and have established dairies, where cream separators and churns turned by water power, and all the necessaries of a modern dairy, are worked daily by skilled dairymaids who have been trained scientifically for the purpose. The milk is collected every morning, in some cases from over a hundred farmers. It is tested once a week locally, and these tests are taken once a month to the central authority in Bergen. The farmers who farm the highest land, that which is the richest in butter fats, are paid a higher price for their rich milk than their comrades of the lower valleys obtain for theirs. All is worked out methodically and scientifically, and the prices paid for the milk are regulated with mathematical accuracy in harmony with the ruling market price of butter in Newcastle-on-Tyne, to which port nearly the whole proceeds of these dairies are shipped weekly. The Norsk farmers, who are about the most conservative people in the world, have thus recognised long before our Craven farmers—who, in passing, I may say have some of the richest grassland in the world—the advantages derivable from wise co-operation; they have adopted its principles and now they are thriving, which was not the case half-a-dozen years ago. They are buying foreign grain at a cheaper rate than, with their uncertain climate, they can grow it, and in addition to dairying they are grazing cattle and sheep in the lowlands, of course to be exported to England. Bad

again for our own grazing farmers in the north of England. Worse in some ways for old Norway. The decay of agriculture in Norway means depopulation, as was the case here in England. The sturdiest sons and daughters must flit from the land that gave them birth. They must go, peradventure, to Dacota, Wisconsin, Iowa, or Minnesota, and by degrees lose their Norsk individuality, which is such an especial charm. The picturesque cornmills which one sees on the banks of every river in every inhabited valley in Norway, and which are beloved by hundreds of artists and photographers, are disappearing slowly, one by one—driven away by the cream separator and the candidates for Christmas beef—ah! it is sad to think of the changes, probably for the weal of those who remain, but for the woe of those who have to go, which the western coast of Norway is now undergoing.

Why, where have we got to? The sæter at Lilledal. The mountaineering party reached Greidung at 8.30. Here the writer found no improvement since his first visit 25 years ago.

On the top of the great snowfield, the northern end of the Justedalsbræ, the mightiest and most sublime snowfield in Europe, the views were superb. Over three score miles away, and towering over many an intervening ridge, were the Horungtinder, whose many aiguilles, including the peerless Skagastölstind, like giants rejoicing in their noonday strength, beckoned the party, but in vain, to pay them a visit. Lodals Kaupe, a superb mountain, the one great peak of the Justedalsbræ, simply said "Try me to-morrow and I'll find you some sport, as I have done to two of you before." "All right, we will." Vain boast! Thore Greidung overslept himself as he had done 25 years earlier, so did the would-be valiant quartette. They took instead a lovely and fairly well known glacier pass from Stryn to Loen; they went wrong, got into difficulties, extricated themselves, and so got into "The Alpine Journal," page 608.

The exploration of the Justedalsbræ and its many subsidiary glacier arms is, even now, not yet completed.

There are corners of 10 to 20 square miles in extent still unsullied by the intrusive Alpine boot and Leeds nails. Shall we say where these corners are to be found, or shall we leave the mountaineer, who has the knack of picking out tit-bits, to find them? Surely the latter course is the wiser?

Early in August, 1899, Mr. Patchell and Vigdal solved some knotty problems between the Tunsbergsdalsbræ and the valley of Justedal. This occupied them three days, and they worked hard and well. Ah, it is well that the Justedalsbræ still has some secrets, and what is more, they will not be revealed for many a long year to come.

Söndmöre District.

In Söndmöre, the same party who made Udsigtenskar had a good day on the Brekketindskar, a lovely pass between the Vellesæterhorn, a pretty peak climbed a few years ago by Mr. Howard Priestman's party, and the Brekketind, an aiguille climbed in 1889 by Messrs. Hastings and Slingsby. This pass afforded the youngsters plenty of opportunities of ridding their ice-axes of any accumulation of rust which might possibly have been acquired during a week of enforced idleness. There was a delightful little icefall to descend, and the senior member of the party, perhaps for more reasons than one, insisted upon being made a "passenger," whilst the others did the work and reaped the glory. What a jolly glissade there was below the icefall, and how near it took the party to the top of the cliffs which bound the sombre Brunstadskar on the west! What a horrid, dirty, wet, gully the leader chose to lead down to the snow-paved gorge below! "All's well that ends well." The Brunstadskar was reached and the Brekketindskar was passed. Like the immortal Oliver, the youngsters "asked for more." The Brunstadhorn just above would satisfy them. On, on, up grass slopes and screes, and a top was reached. Clouds obscured the view. A cairn was built. Clouds still clung tenaciously around the crags. Down, was the order of the day, and at 9.25 the party arrived at Öie.

Some days later when on the top of Raana, up which three of the party were led by Hastings who had, ten years earlier, made the first ascent of this remarkable mountain, it was clearly seen that the peak ascended from the Brunstadskar was the southern Brunstadhorn, and not the highest peak.

Miendalstind (rather under 5,000 feet).

Dr. Richards, Wm. Cecil Slingsby, and Sivert Urke as a porter, made on August 26th what was, so far as is known, the first human ascent of this very fascinating little mountain. From the hotel at Öie many mountaineers have noticed the deeply notched ridge of this range over the shoulder of Saksa, and have seen the clouds racing one after another behind two pretty little aiguilles on the eastern face, but luckily there their interest ended, and they left the mountain alone.

The first stage in the climb was by steamboat to Sæbö; then lovely pastures and birch woods conducted the party most pleasantly to a wild amphitheatre, which is overshadowed by weirdly-shaped needles of rock such as are common in Söndmöre. The crest of an ancient moraine led to hard snows, good rocks, and to a col below, and east of, the highest peak. The steep névé at the head of a wild glacier, whose séracs fall over crags and roll almost into the sea itself, led to interesting rocks and to the lower of two tops of the mountain. From this a narrow rock rib led to the true top.

The view was inexpressibly grand, and is a worthy rival of that from the monarch Slogen himself. The Hjörund fjord, whose placid waters, 5,000 feet below, reflected the wild mountain forms on its surface, is the most beautiful fjord in Norway, and never did it look more beautiful than in the bright sunshine of this grand August day.

With some difficulty a cairn was built on the two narrow slabs of *gabbro*, which stood erect on the top, and, whilst building, a skeleton was discovered a few feet below. "Who has preceded us, and why are his bones bleaching here?" was the unexpressed thought of the

party. An examination revealed that the honour and glory of making the first ascent belonged to—a goat. Poor fellow, did he first exhaust the sparse vegetation which grows near the summit, and then lack the courage necessary to descend by the way he had come up? Who knows? The way he had in all probability ascended ledge after ledge and step by step from a sæter at the back could easily be made out. The descent was made by the same route as the ascent, and was easily accomplished, and the party agreed that they had seldom had a more pleasant day on the mountains than that which they had spent on the ascent of Miendalstind.

Slogen by the N.W. face and eastern arête (5,280 feet). On August 28th, Messrs. Hastings, Aldred B. S. Todd, Oswald Erik Todd, and Wm. Cecil Slingsby, accomplished this fine climb. In many respects it is probably the most interesting and varied mountain expedition which has yet been made on any mountain in Söndmöre, and though for the most part it was distinctly a rock climb, yet there were ample opportunities of putting into practice lessons of snow-craft which had been learned during many years of mountaineering amongst the snowfields of Norway and in the Alps. As this is not the place to give the minute details of the climb, it will suffice to say that it was exceptionally interesting, and that until within half-an-hour of reaching the summit success or defeat seemed to possess an equal uncertainty.

MIENDALSTIND.

The First and Second Ascents.

Fierce glowed the light in Northern sky,
And angry clouds were rolling by,
When, out the glowering darkness came
A lank, lean spectre. It was lame,
And, as it walked, its long grey beard
Was shaking with the fear it feared.
The cliffs around the place rang loud
With crashes of the thunder cloud.

No thought of failure in his mind—
Nor food—for this he could not find;
Here, on the mountain's rugged side,
No blade of grass could well abide.
And, as he goes, he sees the top
Not twenty yards—he must not stop—
He makes one glorious, gallant strain,
And gains his goal amidst the rain.

'Tis the same peak, but years have fled
Since that gaunt spectre up it sped.
Three hardy climbers strive to-day
To scale those jagged rocks so grey.
And as they mount the rugged towers
They cry "It goes! The peak is ours."
"It goes!"—(heart-cheering Alpine phrase)—
"Haste to the top, a cairn we'll raise."

"But what is that"—one cries aloud—
"Which gleams so white amidst the cloud?
"Can some poor reckless man have tried
"To gain the height, and there have died?"
Their soft felt hats they slowly raised
From off their heads; and as they gazed
They thought of this poor stranger's fight,
And how he died in chilly night.

"See! There are horns! This was no *man*,"
And forward all three quickly ran.
"A goat!" they yell, with sorrow gone,
And laughing loud, their hats put on.
"This is no first ascent," they cry.
At least not ours—we cannot lie.
This gallant climb, this noble fight,
Was first accomplish'd by *en gjeit*.

ALDRED B. S. TODD.

LONG KIN HOLE (WEST).

By Frank Ellet.

Of life's little vanities the desire to see oneself in print is specially marked in the British character, and I have no doubt we novices who are making our bow in the record of the doings of the Pickwick—no, I mean the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club—expect the heavens will fall when an admiring world views our efforts in—

"The last and greatest art, to blot."

Nevertheless it is a serious matter to take any part in ushering a new bantling into the world of "books which are no books." Fortunately the responsibility does not rest altogether upon my shoulders, and although I send forth my little venture in fear and trembling, I do so in the hope that its grander relations will allow it a humble place in the same binding.

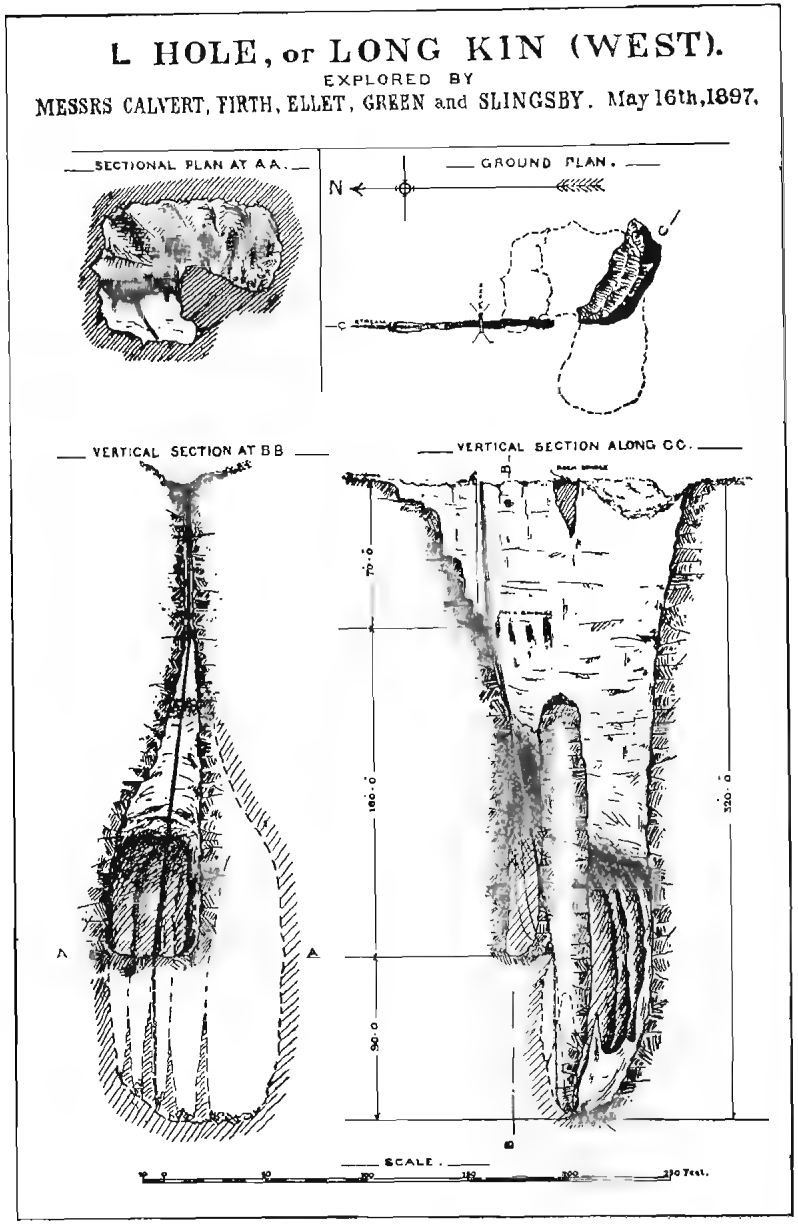
To make a start:—On the 16th of May, 1897, six gaunt forms, clad in garments which had seen better days, and hung about with various strange objects beloved of the pot-hole explorer, might have been seen breasting the slope on the S.W. side of Ingleborough, and which rises behind Newby Cote on the Clapham-Ingleton road. These mysterious forms had names, to wit:—E. Calvert, J. W. Firth, J. A. Green, W. C. Slingsby, the handy man Ben Mason, and myself. About a third of the way up the mountain, on a plateau honeycombed with pot-holes of all sizes, shapes, and depths, is a huge crack rejoicing in the name of Long Kin, certainly a good name, for as compared with others of its kith and kin it is surely the grandfather. To distinguish it from another of the same name on the eastern side of Ingleborough, it is known as Long Kin West.

I may point out here that the hole is, in common with others on this fairly level moorland ground, somewhat difficult to find, and there being no prominent

landmarks the seeker does not find it until he is close upon it. It is true that a track, starting from near Cold Cotes and running north and then east, crosses the hole at a point where a convenient bridge of rock has been left, but although this track is supposed to lead eventually to Gaping Ghyll Hole, yet after leaving Long Kin it is so faint as to be hardly worthy of the name. Balderston, on page 46 in his book "Ingleton: Bygone and Present," gives directions to find it, and its position is shown on the 6-inch Ordnance Map.

The mouth of the pot is roughly L-shaped, and from one end to the other measures some 170 feet. The width varies from about six feet at the north end, where a stream enters, gradually narrowing to one foot, with here and there an enlargement to two feet, until, from where the rock bridge crosses it widens rapidly to 20 feet at the east end of the L. The upright of the L points N. At the rock bridge the hole reaches its greatest depth, which, measured from the ground level, is about 320 feet. The actual edge of the hole where deepest is about 10 feet below the surface. The north end, where the stream enters, descends in a series of steps of various depths to the first workable ledge, which is referred to in this paper as the 70-foot landing, for as will be seen later we made a direct descent to this, thereby reducing the amount of necessary tackle. Below the 70-foot landing there is an almost vertical drop of about 160 feet on to a wide ledge, and below that again is the third and final drop of about 90 feet to the bottom of the hole. Where the hole has approximately the narrowest width at the top, there it is deepest, but then, as with other pot-holes in the Limestone, surface appearances give no reliable indication of what may be found below.

In October, 1896, Calvert and I had made a partial investigation of the hole, and we then descended about 30 feet below the 70-foot landing, and plumbed it to some 230 feet at the rock bridge. The knowledge then obtained was of use in attempting the complete descent on this our present expedition. Although Long Kin West was found to be one of the deepest known



pots on Ingleborough, and might have been expected to present great difficulties of descent, yet owing to the perfection to which Calvert, who is *facile princeps* in this kind of work, has carried the method and appliances for exploring caves and pot-holes, the transporting of tackle, fixing it, and making the descent only occupied our party one day. The means adopted were as follows:—A stout plank was laid and securely fixed across what is generally called by grandiloquent writers "the yawning chasm," directly above the 70-foot landing, and almost directly over the next drop of 160 feet. A rope ladder, 135 feet long, and fastened to the two ends of a 430-foot rope, was lowered over a pulley fixed on the plank until the top of the ladder was level with the edge of the hole. The doubled end of the rope was then securely fixed to stakes in the ground some yards from the edge. An important item in the raising and lowering of the ladder was a second and lighter rope, one end of which was passed through a pulley-block on the plank and also fastened to the top of the ladder, the loose end being allowed to drop down the hole to its full length. This device proved very useful, as by its means those who had descended were able to assist those above in manipulating the ladder. A safety rope, 450 feet long, was then run over another pulley on the plank and the loose end left with our man Ben at the top.

These preparations being completed the party of five descended the ladder one by one to the 70-foot landing, leaving Ben above to work the ropes. It is usual in such a case to have at least two men at the surface, but on this particular occasion, there being only one rope to attend to at a time, and that being in the hands of a man whose reliability and capacity had been proved while assisting at many of our previous explorations, we had no fear about leaving him alone to do this part of the work satisfactorily. Further, as some of our party were on the 70-foot landing during the whole of the time, it would have been an easy matter for one of us to have ascended to the surface and given Ben assistance if he had required it.

The last 20 feet above the landing becomes in shape somewhat like the inside of a round chimney about four feet in diameter, and with one side open. The only standing room is inside the chimney, and as the next drop starts at once at the open side it can be well understood there was not too much floor space for five men to work on. In front of the ledge, and just within reach, are two natural bridges of rock curiously spared by the falling water, which served us as perches of uncomfortable insecurity, being only about 12 inches wide and rounded on the top; the situation also affording a pleasant consciousness of some 160 feet of 'nothingness' beneath. These bridges, along with others, form a noticeable feature in the cavescape when viewed from below. Fortunately the daylight at this point was ample, but for safety's sake each man when on a bridge was attached to a rope. Those on the chimney ledge were in perfect security, and could not have fallen out unless they had wanted to. The plumb-line was called into requisition, and after several efforts a bottom was touched at about 140 feet. The rope ladder was then lowered until the top rung was level with our position, and secured above as before. Calvert now put on the long safety-line and, provided with a lamp, descended into the darkness beneath. Arrived at the bottom of the ladder he was unable to find a landing place, so after a time announced his intention of coming up to explain what was to be done next. It is not every man who can climb down and then up 135 feet of rope ladder with scarcely a rest—even with the relief which a safety-line affords. The ladder, too, for a considerable distance, was swinging free, thus adding to the difficulty. Calvert's effort may therefore be considered a very creditable gymnastic feat. He intimated that the plumb-line weight must have lodged on a projecting ledge which appeared to be 15 or 20 feet below the ladder end, and that he would have let himself down by his arms from the bottom rung and then dropped on to the ledge, but that it would not have been safe to take such a step in the semi-darkness. It would of course have been feasible for us to lower the ladder with Calvert on it, but there would have been an element of risk in that too, and it is a maxim in pot-hole exploration that nothing shall be done unless with perfect safety. On coming up he had, however, noticed a small ledge a few inches wide, and about 40 feet below our perch, which would afford a temporary resting-place, and he therefore proposed to go down again, get off the ladder there and wait until it was lowered some 30 feet or so more. The proposal was carried out; Calvert again descended the ladder, and this time arrived safely on the ledge. He found it a convenient size, but called out that he would require the assistance of another man before be could descend any further, for, as is common in pot-hole exploration, there was still another descent to be made, in the same way as in mountain climbing there is almost invariably another ascent before the final one is reached.

With wonderful unanimity each man proposed that one of the others should follow the leader, and after the expenditure of much politeness of the "After you, sir!" order, Firth nobly volunteered to fill the breach. The safety-line having been hauled up and donned, the same procedure with the ladder was gone through as before, and he also disappeared into the blackness, leaving the remaining three of us in the chimney.

The pitch was now proved to be about 160 feet deep, and was an example of the axiom in pot-hole exploration, that "too much tackle is better than too little"; for of course it is impossible to know beforehand how deep one may have to go. In this case another 20 feet of rope ladder would have saved us a good deal of time and labour.

Firth soon announced that he had reached Calvert, and they were consulting as regards further proceedings. With the plumb-line they found apparently a lower depth of some 90 feet and, as all was in darkness, they tried to ascertain something about the appearance of the pitch by lighting balls of magnesium wire which they dropped below, but without gaining much information

as to the most suitable line of descent. They also removed a number of boulders which, being near the edge, were a source of danger. Finally we received a signal to lower the ladder, and as soon as Calvert and Firth considered they had sufficient length for their purpose, and Ben had made the ladder rope fast above, we rested from our labours and amused ourselves by trying to keep warm.

After waiting a considerable time we became conscious of something uncanny moving about overhead. A search revealed a slowly-descending rope with something hanging at the end. Fearful thoughts of atrocities, doubtless engendered by a recent course of Poe's tales, filled the mind of at least one of us with fear, but, summoning courage, we awaited events, and on the nearer approach of the swinging object were comforted by the appearance of a harmless tin can. Like Mr. Pickwick during his journey to Birmingham in company with Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen, we were at once afflicted with curiosity and determined if the can came within reach to take possession of it. We succeeded, and on taking off the lid perceived it to contain hot drink. This must have been our Ben's doing we decided, and so in order to play a joke upon him we absorbed the contents. Alas! having once giving way to temptation we recklessly plunged deeper and desired more. Ben, with his usual forgiving spirit, continued the temptation, and that our two friends below might not be deprived from sharing in our pleasure, we informed them how agreeably we were occupied. Almost instantly a blue flame and a smell of sulphur came up the hole, accompanied by noisy and unparliamentary language.

This feasting was all very nice, but as it was now some time since Calvert and Firth had left us, we were getting tired of our confined position in the small hollow. Standing on one leg, jamming one's back and heels against opposite sides of the chimney, down which a pleasant stream trickled, and other means of varying our comfort were tried without success. The remains

of a very dead sheep on our platform did not add to the happiness of the party and also limited the available space, for it is not desirable to tread too heavily on animals in the condition this one was in

> 'For who has nose so keen and strong,
> That cares to follow an odour in its flight,"

We therefore concluded that it was now time to go home, and politely requested our two friends below to return to their "muttons."

The fascination of underground exploration is so great that once below you feel that you cannot return until all that may be has been revealed, and Calvert and Firth exemplified this to the full. Firth being now at the top of the lowest pitch, and Calvert still descending, our patience was still further tried, but at last we heard the welcome signal to haul up the ladder. This work had to be done from the top by Ben; however, we were able to afford him a little assistance with the light line. Firth then ascended to the 40-foot projection and waited there till the ladder was hauled higher, when he soon joined us. The whole operation was again gone through, and the ladder being at last raised to the top, Calvert completed his weary travel by going straight up. The next proceeding was the comparatively small matter for each of the four remaining individuals to get himself up the ladder, which although necessitating a good deal of raising and lowering of safety line, was duly accomplished, and the whole party was once more on, what might with truth be called, "terra firma."

It appeared that the negotiation of the bottom pitch had proved most difficult. Firth had remained on the ledge, which, as the hole widened out considerably, was found to be fairly extensive, and he held the safety line while Calvert went to the bottom. During Calvert's descent the lamp he carried had been extinguished three times by knocking against the rock and the ladder, and it was only with great difficulty that he was able to re-light it; for unfortunately a man has only two hands (three would be a decided advantage in rope ladder work), and Calvert had to make the best use of his chin

to hold himself on the ladder during lighting operations. He had not found it possible to explore the whole of the bottom, as it is divided by partitions of rock worn at the top into pinnacles, and with edges like razors. Very little daylight could penetrate to the bottom on account of these partitions, and it was difficult to get a good view of the chamber, which is a considerable size. Trophies were brought up in the shape of a crowbar and a man's cap, both of which were afterwards identified by some of the Clapham people as having fallen down the hole during an attempt that had been made by some one to make the descent.

It is due to Calvert's kindness in supplying the information that I am able to describe all below the 70-foot landing, which was my lowest point; and also for the accompanying plans, reference to which will make my account more intelligible.

The modern sport of pot-hole exploration seems to me to explode the old saying "Facilis est descensus Averni," and although this line of exploration has only been pushed a very small part of the way, yet it has been found so laborious and slow that proposing followers may reasonably give up hopes of getting much further. Let me hope anyway that it is not a question of "It is the first step which costs."

GAPING GHYLL HOLE.

PART II.

By Edward Calvert.

In the last number of the Journal I related briefly the history of the first and second descents of Gaping Ghyll, and concluded by expressing the feeling of satisfaction among our party at the success which had at length attended our efforts, and which fully compensated for our being, even for us, late to dinner at Clapham on that day. We were astir early on the following morning, but as there were many odds and ends to be gathered together and taken with us it was 7.30 when we reached the pot-hole, and a few minor alterations in the construction of the head gear causing still further delay the morning was well advanced before I was ready to descend.

On again being lowered to the floor of the cavern I took off my oilskin garments and signalled for them to be drawn up for the use of Gray, who was to follow me, as our stock of these articles was limited. This done I was left waiting patiently for the arrival of that—now to me—very important item, the telephone; standing alone in the enormous, gloomy vault, listening to the roar of the waterfall, and practically cut off from all communication with my friends overhead, the instrument seemed to me a very long time in coming. To protect the telephone wire from damage during the passage of the party and apparatus up and down the line of descent it had been decided to lower it down the main shaft, and in the waterfall dropping through it I ultimately descried the wire descending in a very tangled condition. I now regretted the premature discarding of my oilskins, but realising the vanity of regret rushed into the falling water and dragged out the bundle. Unfortunately the instrument would not work, and not until a further supply of wire had been lowered could communication be effected. This had one unexpected

result. It appears a number of the spectators, who had by this time arrived, were extremely sceptical of the descent having been again accomplished. Indeed, some of them went so far as to suggest the retirement behind the boulder was made for the purpose of "bluffing" them and consuming the apparently ample supply of refreshments provided. But the visible sign of the telephone wire, and the voice of the invisible man at the other end of it, convinced them that the bottom of Gaping Ghyll had indeed been again reached. Gray then descended and together we walked round the gigantic hall to get a general impression of our surroundings.

As previously mentioned, the floor immediately under and around the waterfall is formed of smooth boulders, their boundary roughly indicating the limit of the faint daylight penetrating from above. Beyond, the floor is mainly composed of sand and mud, slightly higher in the middle than at the sides, but upon the whole astonishingly level and dry. Across the ends were shallow channels which appeared to be old water courses. Another deep one crossed the floor, and a strong current of water had evidently flowed along it and the side channels to a cleft in the south wall, about one-fourth of the cavern's length from the west end. The cleavage of the rock walls—almost uniformly magnetic N. and S.—is very striking, fractures giving a ribbed effect to the sides, and leaving in some places fissures several feet in width, running 30 or 40 feet into the rock. Through some of these fissures near the shafts the water found exits, although a great deal of it seemed to flow away beneath the boulders. The roof was so far above us, and so black in the general dimness that we could scarcely discern it, except in the close vicinity of the daylight. Attempts were afterwards made to photograph the cavern, but without success. There were apparently no stalactites. The most notable features are the enormous slopes of debris at either end. That at the eastern end is nearly 70 feet high, and composed of unstable blocks of stone of all sizes. Some fifty feet up the slope were a few baulks of timber and

a fence stake, which may possibly have been those thrown down the hole by Prof. Hughes in 1872. At another part of this slope, at least 15 feet above the cavern floor, sheep's bones and wool were found. These indications seem to prove that in times of very heavy floods the cavern becomes an underground lake—a lake large enough and deep enough to float one of our greatest ironclads.

Our attention was suddenly arrested by shouting overhead, and on looking up we saw what appeared to be a hardware store slowly revolving and descending through space. This proved to be another member of the party hung about with a few of the necessary implements for exploring and surveying. Others descended in turn and the exploration was begun in earnest.

The party now consisted of Gray, Booth, Cuttriss, Green and the writer, and we divided into two sections. Gray and Cuttriss took the survey in hand, and the others started to make a more careful and systematic exploration. The triangulation of the cavern proved it to be nearly 480 feet long, 82 feet at its widest part, and about 110 feet high from floor to roof. Its size may, perhaps, be more strikingly realised by comparing it with some well-known public building. For example, it is three times as long, some 10 feet wider, and 1½ times as high as the Victoria Hall, in Leeds Town Hall. M. Martel suggested the removal of the debris from the slopes might reveal passages, but probably sufficient has been written to show how impossible their removal by a party of explorers would be.

With little hope of finding an exit I carefully led the way up the dangerously loose eastern slope. A few feet above it I discovered a narrow horizontal slit in the rock wall. Calling upon the party to follow with more lights, I crawled through the opening. Progression was not without difficulty, for as the passage widened it became lower, until little more than 12 inches separated floor from roof. Creeping over alternate patches of silt and travertin for a short distance, a white glistening forest of stalactites and stalagmites was revealed to view.

Unfortunately many were broken in forcing a way through them. Then a descending floor allowed me to resume an upright position, and the right side of the passage disappeared amongst huge blocks of stone. Here Booth and Gray joined me and we decided to follow the opening thus disclosed, leaving the shallow and higher main passage for later exploration. Climb-

S. W. Cuttriss, Photo.

STALACTITES AND STALAGMITES.

ing became necessary as the walls contracted and the roof receded, and as we descended backs and knees played important parts in our progress. Leaving Gray within hailing distance of our previous line of advance we went forward another 50 yards, Booth leading. Booth advanced alone 100 yards further and found another parallel passage, but lack of candles compelled him to

return. The air in the passages was quite fresh, and with practically no current. In the cave it was very different, and gusts of wind were distinctly felt at the extreme ends. During the progress of the exploration Moore descended. There still remained much to do, but time did not permit us to accomplish more, and we began the ascent to the surface.

S. W. Cuttriss, Photo.

STALACTITE CURTAIN.

While this was proceeding Booth and Gray ascended the debris slope at the western end and discovered another similar outlet, which led into a large chamber. This chamber is still unexplored. In due course we all arrived safely at the surface, thoroughly tired but very pleased with the day's work.

At Whitsuntide a larger party* assembled at Clapham to continue the exploration. Our previous experience enabled us to judge better what would be required in the way of tackle to complete the work, and the things deemed needful made quite a formidable array. The appliances for making the descent were fixed exactly as before. Having descended, three of us proceeded at once along the passage I had so fortunately noticed on our previous visit, in quest of fresh discoveries. The preliminary grovelling over, we were able to walk upright for some distance, the height of the passage varying from 10 to 60 feet. Wonderful natural formations were met with. Innumerable stalactites hung from the roof; one of them, hanging across the passage like a daintily-shaded pink drapery, was the most perfect stalactite formation we had ever seen. One group had a striking resemblance to the pipes of an organ.

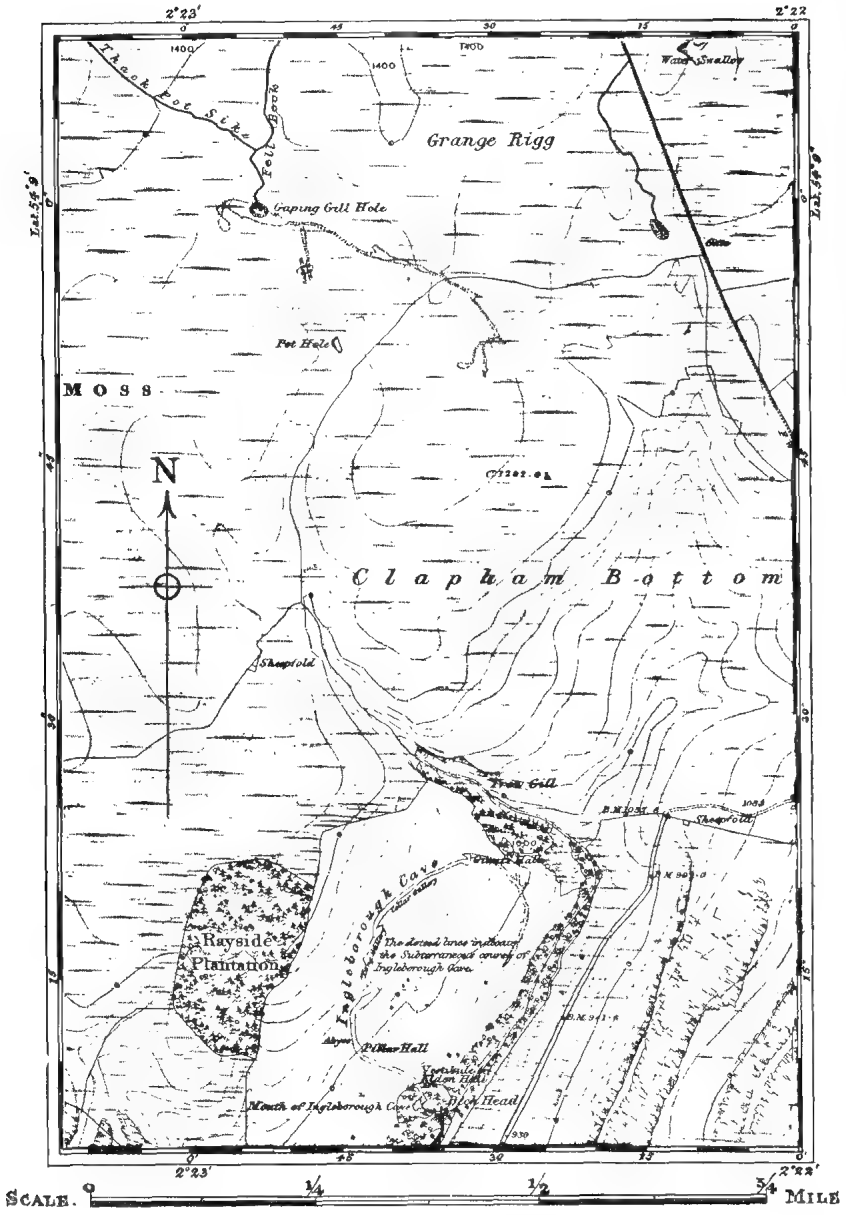
Examining all possible outlets we came at length to a strangely weird opening which appeared by the light of a couple of lamps to be the end of all things. Nothing could be seen above or below. The side on our left seemed to vanish into space; the other appeared too steep to be practicable, but on more careful inspection a route was found which led behind some large rocks and brought us nearer the centre of the vast gloomy cavity, the blackness and size of which were made only the more impressive by the flickering light from our two lamps. Burning magnesium revealed a chasm divided roughly into two parts by a great ridge of mud or silt. Carefully crawling further along the slope on which we were I slid down and with a jump landed on the ridge, and was soon followed by Booth. Together we discussed what our next move should be.

The bottom of the chasm appeared to be a considerable depth below the ridge we were on, so Ellet returned to the main cavern for 400 feet of rope-

*The party consisted of Messrs. A. Barran, T. S. Booth, E. Calvert, S. W. Cuttriss, F. Ellet, J. Firth, J. A. Green, F. Holtzmann, G. T. Lowe, Leonard Moore, Lewis Moore, W. Ramsden, C. Scriven, R. Smith, and B. Mason.

ladder, candles and sundries. Booth and I sat and smoked, trying occasionally to pierce the darkness beneath us with the magnesium light. An aneroid showed our position to be only 20 feet above the bottom of Gaping Ghyll Hole, so we had evidently descended since we entered the passage. As the entrance to Clapham Cave is on a lower level our hopes that we were on the right track were increased. It was an hour-and-a-half before we saw Ellet again, but how he and Firth, who came with him, managed to bring their burden over such obstacles in the time is a mystery. A 400-feet coil of rope is no light or pleasant burden to drag or push in dark passages with little over a foot of head-room, but when stalactites abound to catch every stray coil of rope and to bang your head against the difficulties are greatly aggravated.

We now proceeded to tie the 100-feet rope to the large rocks above, there being nothing on the mud ridge firm enough for that purpose. The rope ladder, fastened to one end of the 400-feet rope, was then lowered down the slope, and I followed tied to the other end of the long rope, the middle of which was fixed to the shorter one. An ice-axe proved very useful here, as the mud, roughly at an angle of 50° (by clinometer), was too slippery to afford safe foothold. About 50 feet down there was a vertical drop of 30 feet; the descent of this with a flare lamp was distinctly awkward, and I landed, more or less singed, on a short steep slope of silt similar to the one above, and from whence it had probably slipped. From here I easily reached the bottom of the chamber. There was no possible outlet from it, so when Booth joined me we turned our attention to the opposite side of the cavern, which we now made out to be approximately triangular in shape. A great slope of stone faced us. It was 130 feet high, and in even greater confusion and infinitely more unstable than the end slopes in the main cavern. Up it we climbed, and at the top found water trickling from the roof, and numerous small round pebbles, apparently water worn. Some were of millstone grit, but all were covered with a black



MAP OF GAPING GHYLL DISTRICT.

Reproduced from the 6 in. Ordnance Survey Map by permission of the Controller of Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

peaty deposit. Beyond, there was a passage similar to the one we had left on the other side of the chasm, but at a somewhat higher level. Along this were several small pot-holes. At the bottom of these were indications of a parallel passage 20 or 30 feet below, but unexplorable by reason of the dangerously unstable state of the large angular rocky debris. In such a place the unwary explorer, made prisoner by any movement of this debris, would be in an exceedingly awkward position. Broken masses of a conglomerate of silt and carbonate of lime bore evidence of some powerful disturbing force having been at work, though how long ago it would be difficult to estimate. Time passed quickly amidst these interesting surroundings, but fearing our friends might have become alarmed by our long absence, we retraced our steps to the mud chamber. The party then returned to the main cavern and were lifted to the surface again.

On the following day we continued the exploration beyond our previous furthest point, surveying as we went, and lunched by the side of a pool in the now draughty passage. Innumerable small stalactites hung from its roof, which was somewhat too low for comfort. Not that one expects much comfort in a cave. The best of caves have a damp feeling, the air has a peculiar cavey odour, and everything has a sense of age about it. A bivouac on a mountain side is a comparative luxury; it is always fresh, and, at any rate, is washed occasionally with clean water. After our slight lunch of sandwiches, not entirely free from cave earth, we concluded that exploration was of more importance than accurate survey and its necessary delay, so we hurried forward. Twice the gallery appeared to come to an end, but on carefully investigating the sides we each time found an outlet, and crawled through it. Presently the sound of running water greeted us, and on reaching it the passage to our great relief became high enough to stand in with comfort. At this point it was not unlike the cellar gallery in Clapham Cave. Greatly excited we rushed forward, descending small waterfalls, rocky pitches, and other obstacles in splendid style. We began to discuss the best means of

breaking through the iron gates at the cave entrance, and pictured the surprise of our friends at Gaping Ghyll when we rejoined them *viâ* Trow Gill. The passage became more and more like the outlet at Clapham Cave, but, alas, below a slope, there was a rapid descent and the water disappeared, some of it through a small crevice, the rest percolating through a large bed of silt. We looked high, we looked low, we wriggled through almost impossible openings, but all to no purpose, and at last we could no longer disguise the fact from ourselves that here the passage ended for us. Sadly we retraced our steps, hoping for a time that one of the small branches passed in our previous haste *might* have a more satisfactory ending. We explored them all in vain, and finally had to acknowledge that Clapham Cave entrance gates had still some time to stand ere they were broken down from the inside by ruthless explorers from Gaping Ghyll.

Thus ended one of the most enjoyable, impressive, and on the whole successful of our cave explorations, and it is certain none of those connected with the expedition will ever forget it. Great praise is due to all who took part in the work, particularly those who laboured like slaves at the windlass and ropes on the surface, and to Mr. Gray and Mr. Cuttriss for their careful survey of the cavern and parts of the passages.

The passage described in this article was thoroughly explored and, though in itself interesting, has no outlet. The branch passage leading to the south from near the outlet at the end of the main chamber may open out further along, but the absence of any current of air does not encourage the supposition. Still, the furthest explored part of Clapham Cave has a very similar aspect, without the silt, so there remains the possibility.

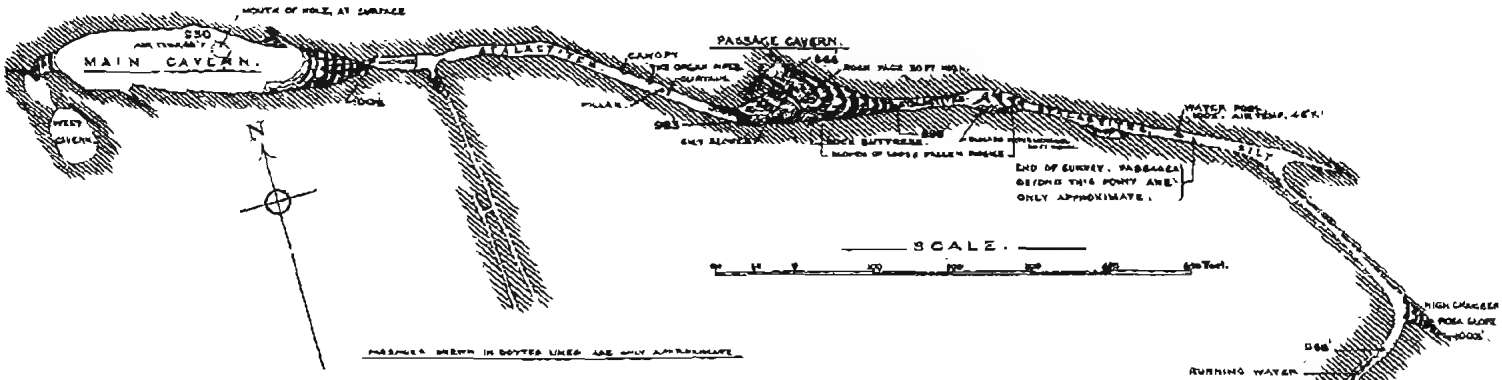
The outlet at the west end of the main chamber turns in the desired direction soon after its commencement. Underground passages, however, twist and turn about in such unexpected ways that nothing short of actual exploration can be relied upon.

These expeditions prove that if it be possible to pass from Gaping Ghyll to the upper end of Clapham Cave

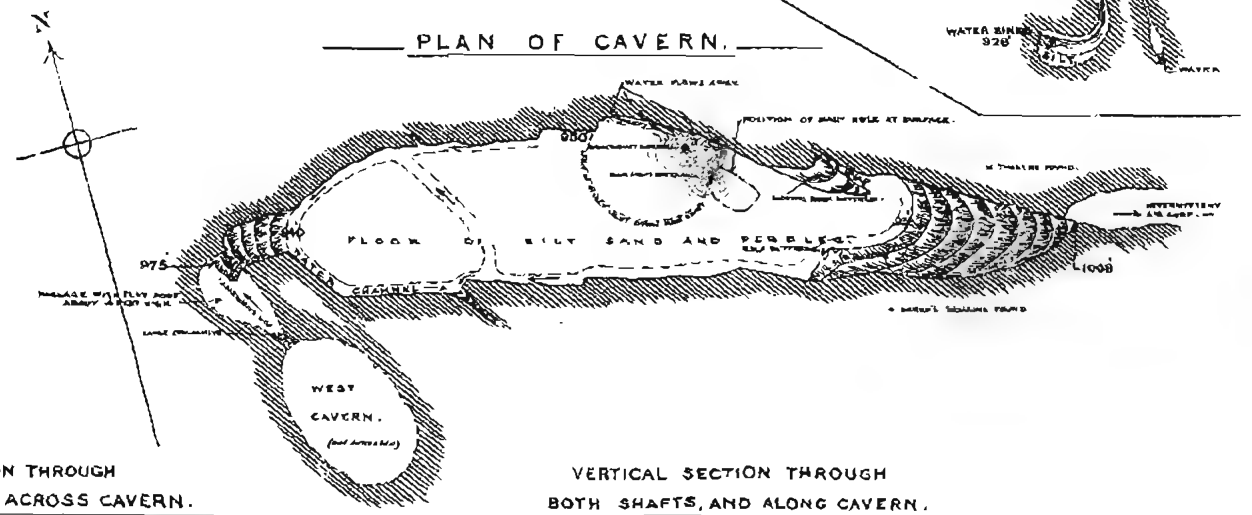
the way is difficult to find and difficult to follow. Even the first stage of the route, i.e., the descent to the great cavern, cannot be undertaken lightly; it will always be necessary to study the probable condition of the weather during the expedition. Telephonic communication with those below, and that or other means of communicating with the actual explorers are imperative. A depôt for stores and provisions should be arranged in the main chamber. At least two men should be left there, ready to assist in the conveyance of any apparatus the advance party may from time to time require. They would also prove a valuable source of additional strength in the event of accident. The assistants could be changed, the party above taking their turn at this part of the work. A fire should be kept burning both above and below so that hot food might be available. The advance party, consisting of not less than three, or more than five, should *always* pay out a line of coarse string as they go, to obviate the danger of losing the way on their return. A good supply of provisions and illuminants should be carried, but their movements should not be hampered by a lot of tackle. Thus, if any serious difficulty should be met with, a plan of action could be the more quickly carried out. Accurate surveys could be made either by another detachment or after the exploration had been completed.

GAPING GHYLL CAVERN AND PASSAGES.

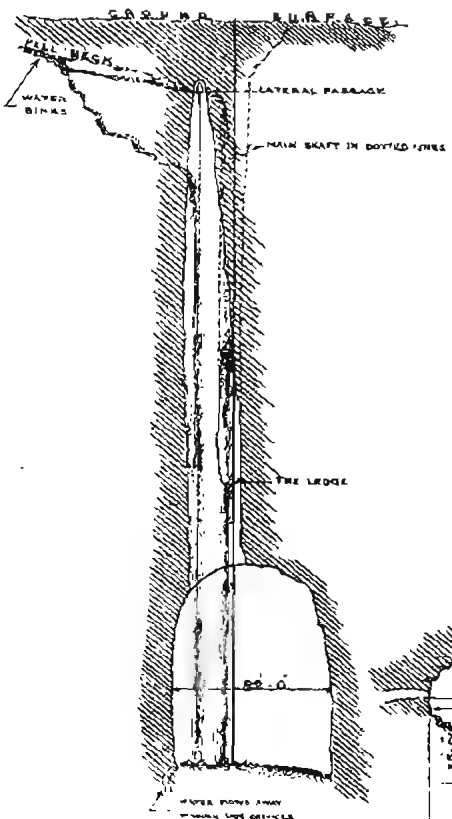
FROM SURVEYS MADE IN MAY 1896.



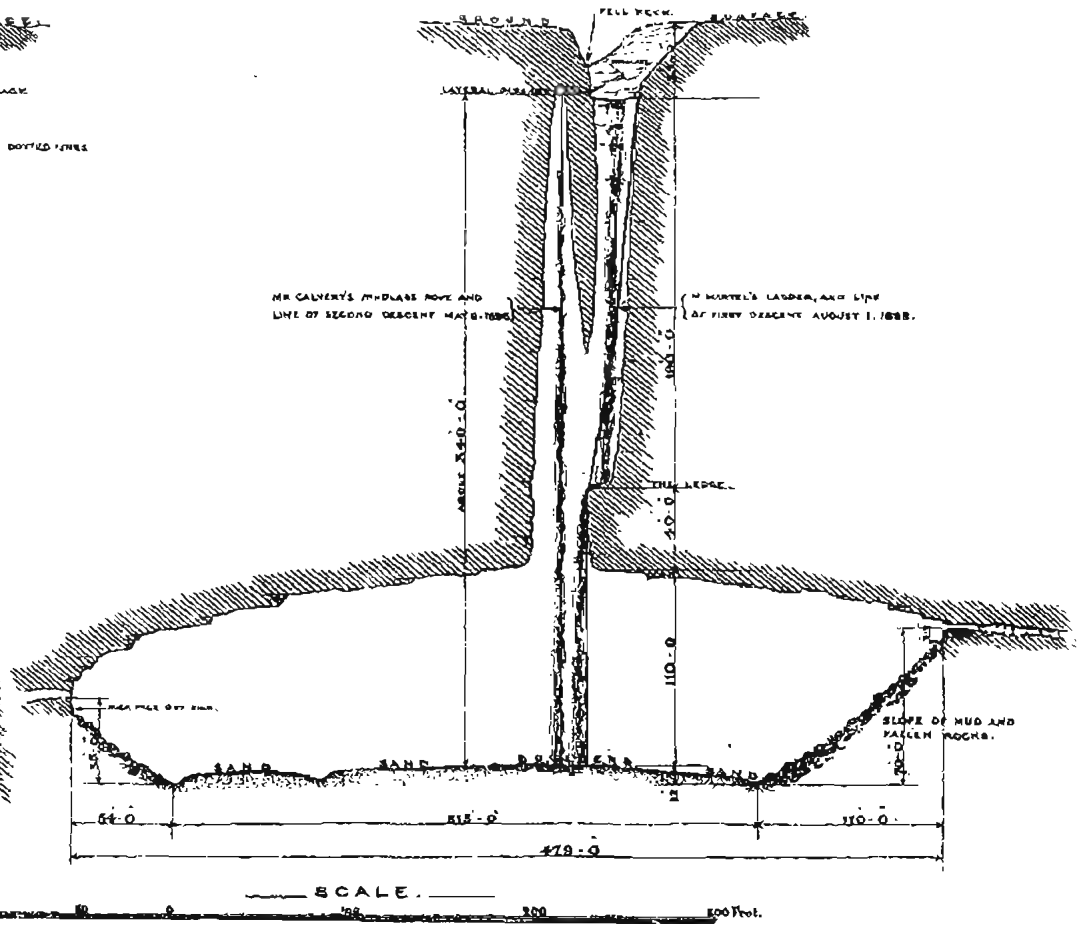
PLAN OF CAVERN.



VERTICAL SECTION THROUGH DIRECT-SHAFT, AND ACROSS CAVERN.



VERTICAL SECTION THROUGH BOTH SHAFTS, AND ALONG CAVERN.



PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CLUB MEET was held at Horton in Ribblesdale on September 30th and October 1st, and was in every way a success, despite the heavy rainfall of preceding days which interfered with the plans of some of the members.

It had been hoped that a descent of Alum Pot would have been accomplished, but the swollen becks and bank-full river, and the flooded low-lying meadows of the valley, augured badly for its achievement. Preparations had been made, the necessary tackle sent to Horton, and some of the men went up by the morning train.

Arrived at Horton they were obliged to consider the situation, and wisely resolved to abandon the idea of attempting Alum Pot. A change of plan was accordingly necessary, and it was decided to send a cart with some of the tackle to Sell Gill Hole. This pot-hole was first descended on September 19th, 1897, by five members of the Club—Messrs. Slingsby, E. Calvert, Ellet, Gray, and Lund.*

Saturday afternoon was spent in visiting Sell Gill Hole, Hull Pot, Hunt Pot, and Pen-y-ghent. Hull Pot looked its best with the brown and white spate water leaping into it in a beautiful waterfall. At Hunt Pot the party divided, some going on to Pen-y-ghent, the others returning to Sell Gill Hole to prepare for its descent on the morrow.

The following morning was bright and clear, and a comparatively early start was made. The party again divided. The temptation to remain above ground certainly was very strong, and some of the pot-holers gazed rather wistfully after the men who, at the parting of the ways, left them for Ingleborough, Whernside, and other pleasant things.

* "Alpine Journal," vol. xviii., p. 567.

Sell Gill Hole is probably the finest local sight of its kind, and is reasonably dry and accessible. Its waterfall considerately falls clear of an explorer's track, and with equal thoughtfulness the descent is divided into three pitches whose heights are not excessive, and at the top of which there are rock platforms of sufficient size to admit of comfortable working. The cavern itself is a very noble one, and the view when one reaches the floor is exceedingly fine. Next to Gaping Ghyll Cavern it is the largest that has been discovered in Yorkshire. It is scarcely necessary to say more to prove the charms of Sell Gill Hole. For the pot-holer it is a most delightful place, and it proved singularly suitable for a Club Meet, which should first be pleasant and then serious. Amusing incidents and pot-holing are inseparable. The average man's old clothes and his methods of climbing rope-ladders are unfailing sources of joy, and as no one can escape the ordeal so there is no soreness, for everyone is in turn amused and amusing.

By two o'clock the party and the tackle were all on the top again, and with proverbial perversity the weather broke, and a violent storm of wind and rain wetted everyone more or less completely. The hill party had, however, the worst of it, and although they managed to get over Ingleborough and Whernside, they missed some of the other pleasant things, and had a long, wet walk home.

The meet was attended by the President and 13 members: Messrs. J. C. Atkinson, A. Barran, J. N. Barran, T. S. Booth, S. W. Cuttriss, J. A. Green, T. Gray, S. Kitson, Lewis Moore, W. Parsons, H. Priestman, A. Riley, and C. Scriven.

It is hardly necessary to say anything of the festivities. There was a particularly good dinner, and the usual amount of fun over it. The landlord of the Golden Lion and his wife were exceedingly kind and attentive: altogether the meet was one of the most pleasant and successful the Club has so far held.

L. M.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING was held on Monday, October 17th, 1899, Rev. L. S. Calvert in the chair. The Committee's Report, from which the following are extracts, was presented and adopted.

The Committee have pleasure in presenting their seventh annual report. The Club now consists of nine honorary and fifty-two ordinary members. During the year eleven general and nine committee meetings have been held. Ten Lectures have been given. The following list will show them to have comprehended with some considerable degree of fulness the objects of the Club:—

November 8th.—"Exploration in the Canadian Rocky Mountains." Professor J. Norman Collie, F.R.S.

November 22nd.—"The Mountains of Lofoten." Howard Priestman.

December 13th. "First Experiences in Switzerland." F. H. Mayo.

January 10th.—"In Wordsworth's Country: The Poet interpreted by the Photographer." Percy Lund.

January 24th.—"Gibraltar." E. Kitson Clark, M.A., F.S.A.

February 14th.—"Arolla and the Dents des Bouquetins." Rev. L. S. Calvert, M.A.

February 28th.—"A Visit to Palestine." S. J. Chadwick.

March 14th. "Mountain Exploration in Arctic Norway." W. Cecil Slingsby, F.R.G.S., President.

March 28th.—"Yorkshire Place Names." Mr. Butler Wood.

April 11th.—"Some interesting facts about Wild Flowers, with specimens of Yorkshire Flora." Mr. W. Falconer.

The Committee are pleased to be able to report that the Treasurer's accounts show a larger balance to the Club's credit than usual.

The most important event of the Club year has, without doubt, been the appearance of the Club Journal. Its preparation was a work of considerable magnitude. The Committee feel compelled to place on record their appreciation of the able way in which Mr. Gray, the Honorary Editor of the Club Journal, has performed his duties. A cordial reception has been extended to the Journal by other similar publications and the Press generally. Copies of the various reviews and Press notices may be seen by the members.

The Committee have again to acknowledge the generosity of members who have added books and maps to the Club's library, and especially to Mr. A. Barran, for a considerable number of guide books.

The following is a list of the officers elected for the ensuing year:—President, Wm. Cecil Slingsby; Vice-Presidents, J. C. Atkinson and Alfred Barran; Hon. Treasurer, J. Davis; Hon. Secretary, Lewis Moore; Assistant Hon. Secretary, F. Constantine; members of Committee, J. N. Barran, E. Calvert, L. S. Calvert, A. E. Kirk, Percy Lund, F. H. Mayo, and A. Riley; Hon. Editor of the Club Journal, Thomas Gray.

An addition has been made to Rule III., which now reads:—

> "The Management of the Club shall be vested in a Committee consisting of a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Treasurer, an Honorary Secretary, an Assistant Secretary, and seven other members, who shall retire annually but be eligible for re election. The Editor of the Club Journal to be an *ex-officio* member of the Committee. Five to form a quorum."

LECTURES.—The Editor does not propose to publish all the Lectures which are read before the Club during the winter months, but he wishes to call the attention of members to their excellence and varied interest. A distinguishing feature of our proceedings, they have been a direct inducement to men to become members, and they well deserve the Club's most hearty support. The following Lectures have been given during the past autumn:—

October 18th.—At the Philosophical Hall. "The Growth of Mountaineering." By Mr. Horace Walker. [See p. 91.]

October 31st.—At the Club Room. "The Ancient Glaciers of Yorkshire." By Mr. Percy F. Kendall.

November 27th.—At the Alexandra Hall. "Climbing and Exploration in the Bolivian Andes." By Sir Martin Conway.

Others have been promised for the winter.

January 16th.—"A Tour in the Graian Alps." By J. J. Bigg.

January 30th.—"Cortina and the Ampezzo Valley." By S. D. Kitson.
February 13th.—"Southern Greece and the Cyclades." By J. N. Barran.
February 27th.—"Vesuvius." By Dr. Tempest Anderson.
March 13th.—"Inland Norway." By Howard Priestman.

NEW MEMBERS.

The following have been elected since our last issue:

HONORARY MEMBER.

Mr. HORACE WALKER. Past President of the Alpine Club.

ORDINARY MEMBERS.

ABRAHAM, A. P., Lake Road, Keswick.
ABRAHAM, G. D., Lake Road, Keswick.
ARTHUR, A. D., The Parsonage, Bamford, Rochdale.
DENNY, F. W., 9, Ashwood Villas, Headingley, Leeds.
GRIFFITH, Dr. T. W., 43, Park Square, Leeds.
HASTINGS, CUTHBERT, 15, Oak Lane, Bradford.
NICOL, J. M., 5, Norwood Road, Headingley, Leeds.
PUTTRELL, J. W., 2, Hanover Square, Sheffield.
VINT, Rev. J. S., Cliff Road, Leeds.

By the election of J. C. Atkinson both of our present Vice-Presidents are now members of the Alpine Club.

Two members have resigned during the past year.

THE CLUB ABROAD.

In August the President, with a party, again visited Norway and made some expeditions in the Justedalsbræ district. In Mr. Slingsby's article "Mountaineering in Norway in 1899" [see p. 107] will be found an account of the new work the party accomplished. Our President is probably better acquainted with this snow-clad region than any other English mountaineer, and he tells us there are many parts of it still unexplored.

Dr. Tempest Anderson, with Mr. Yeld, made what he describes as a "Geologico-photographic" tour in Switzerland. He has promised to write a short account of it for the Journal.

J. J. and W. A. Brigg, with Mr. Alfred Holmes, went to the Graians in July. Starting from Turin the party crossed the Collarin d'Arnas to Bessans and Bonneval, then over the Eastern Levanna and by the Colle Perduto to Ceresole Reale and by the Col du Grand Etret to the Victor Emmanuel Club Hut on the west side of the Grand Paradis. From this base they climbed the Becca di Noaschetta, the Grand Paradis, and the Tête de la Tribulation. The latter was taken from the gap between it and the Becca di Noaschetta, and the descent made by the S.W. ridge to the Col de la Lune, both routes being new. The party divided at Aosta. J. J. Brigg returned by the Great St. Bernard and Martigny to Lausanne, and W. A. Brigg by the Col de Joux to Fiéry and then over to Zermatt by the St. Théodule Pass.

W. Parsons and A. Riley, with Mr. R. Horner, spent some time in Switzerland in the end of July and the beginning of August. From Zinal they climbed Lo Besso and the Rothhorn, and crossed the Trift Joch to Zermatt. Although the Matterhorn was in bad condition the party succeeded in making the ascent in fine weather, and were rewarded by a glorious view. Riley then was obliged to return home, but Parsons and Mr. Horner were fortunate enough to make the Weisshorn from Randa on another beautiful day. Clemenz Zurbriggen, their leading guide, was then released to go to Arolla, where he joined Mr. O. G. Jones, with the most sorrowful result, for he was killed in the deplorable accident on the Dent Blanche on August 28th.

The Rev. L. S. Calvert and Sidney D. Kitson both spent their holidays in the Dolomites.

In the spring J. N. Barran had an exceedingly interesting tour in Greece, and in the summer G. T. Lowe traversed some of the Lakes of Finland and visited S. Petersburg.

THE CLUB AT HOME.

During the year a number of the Club's members went to some of our climbing centres in North Wales and Lakeland.

At Easter, G. T. Lowe and Lewis Moore made an excursion to Ireland and climbed the principal peaks of the Mourne Mountains. We expect the latter will give us an article descriptive of this charming district.

In the autumn, J. C. Atkinson went to Skye and had some good climbing among the Coolins, in fine weather. He spent most of his time on the peaks of Mhadaidh and the Bideins; on Sgurr Dearg—making the traverse of the Pinnacle; and Sgurr-nan-Gillean, which he went up three times —first, by the Pinnacle Route and down by the Professor's Chimney; second, by the route between the fourth pinnacle and the summit, then on to Bhasteir and down to Lota Corrie; and third, by the face direct from Lota Corrie—a route believed by John Mackenzie to be new.

We acknowledge with pleasure the cordial invitation extended by the Scottish Mountaineering Club to Yorkshire Ramblers, and hope another year to be able to record a greater number of visits to Scotland.

The Editor again reminds members of the hope expressed in the first number of the Journal, that they would furnish him with interesting details of their expeditions and holidays. He is sure a great deal might have been added to the foregoing brief notes, and the mutual interest in the individual doings of our members thereby greatly increased.

CAVE EXPLORATION.

The following new expeditions have been made :—

ON INGLEBOROUGH.—*Boggarts' Roaring Hole.* Depth, about 160 feet. May 7th. Wm. C. Slingsby, E. Calvert, T. Gray, and Percy Lund.

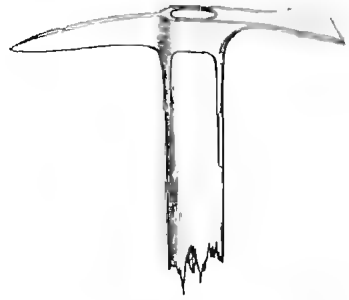
ON LECK FELLS.—*Rumbling Hole.* Depth, 160 feet. May 21st. S. W. Cuttriss, W. Parsons, J. W. Swithinbank, and H. Woodhouse.

Cow Pot. Depth, about 100 feet. May 22nd. S. W. Cuttriss, G. T. Lowe, W. Parsons, and J. W. Swithinbank.

Bull Pot. Depth, about 210 feet. May 22nd. S. W. Cuttriss, W. Parsons, and J. W. Swithinbank.

NOTES.

THE ALPINE CLUB EQUIPMENT EXHIBITION.—A very complete Exhibition of Mountaineering Equipment was held at the Alpine Club Rooms in December. It included a great variety of apparatus useful on mountaineering expeditions and in the exploration of mountainous countries. Clothing, camping and cooking outfits, concentrated foods and medicines, and photographic apparatus of the most modern construction were also shown. Sir Martin Conway exhibited articles used by himself and party in Spitsbergen and the Andes, and the Rev. Walter Weston some curious clothing worn by Japanese mountaineers. Probably the exhibits of most interest to men with Alpine tastes were the ice-axes, of which there was a goodly and quite historic show, ranging from the double-headed (adze and blade) piolet used by Chamonix men in the "fifties" to the modern form generally known in England as the "Pilkington." The removable axe-head devised by the late Mr. T. S. Kennedy, of Leeds, was there, but we did not see an example of the axe which the late Mr. J. Hawthorn Kitson, of Leeds, designed, and a number of which he had made at his engine works for mountaineering friends. As we believe this axe possesses some historic interest (the first one was made in about the year 1871), we here give a sketch of the head. Although formidable in appearance the complete axe weighed only about 3¼ lbs. It is noticeable that the point-to-blade-edge measurement of 12½ inches is identical with that of Mr. Rickmers', which is considered to be the latest development of the ice-axe.



FORTHCOMING BOOKS.—Professor J. D. Forbes' "Travels Through the Alps" has long been out of print, and the original publishers, Messrs. A. & C. Black, will shortly issue a new edition revised and annotated by Mr. Coolidge, who has also prefixed an "appreciation" of the historical position of Forbes among the pioneers of the High Alps. Most of the old illustrations have been retained, and also Forbes' map of the Mer de Glace, but the other maps will be new.

English climbers will be interested to learn that a second edition of the late Mr. Owen Glynne Jones' "Rock Climbing

in the English Lake District," the first edition of which so soon sold out after publication, will shortly appear. The new edition will be published by Messrs. G. P. Abraham & Sons, Keswick, Messrs. George and Ashley Abraham, who are editing it, having supplemented the work with accounts of six of the more recent Cumberland climbs and additional illustrations from their excellent series of photographs. It will also contain a portrait and memoir of Mr. Jones.

Mr. George Yeld, of York, has gathered together some of the articles on the Graians which he has, at various times, contributed to the Alpine Journal, of which he is Editor, and these will shortly appear in a volume entitled "Scrambles in the Eastern Graians" to be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. Mr. Yeld, who is joint Editor with Mr. Coolidge of the Cogne volume in the "Climbers' Guides" series, has an exceptional knowledge of the topography of the Graians, his sketch-map of the Eastern Group being acceptedly reliable. The book will be illustrated from photographs by Dr. Tempest Anderson.

IN MEMORIAM.—The late Mr. John Hawthorn Kitson, of Elmet Hall, Leeds, was in his younger days an ardent and accomplished mountaineer. He had been a member of the Alpine Club since 1871, and, until the comparatively recent election of several of the Yorkshire Ramblers, was for some years the only representative of that club in Leeds. He began to climb at a time when most of the higher ascents in Switzerland had been accomplished, and when the making of new routes had begun. His mountaineering achievements were of no mean order, the most notable being the Weisshorn by the N. arête, the Matterhorn from Zermatt and back in one day, the Taschhorn from the Mischabeljoch by the S.E. arête, the Jungfrau from the Faulberg and back in 7½ hours, the Eiger, Eigerjoch, and Mönchjoch in one day, and the Mönch from the Wengern Alp and back by the Jungfraujoch in one day. On most of his climbs he was accompanied by the late Christian Almer, for whom he had great admiration, and of whose powers on long step-cutting expeditions he could relate more than one remarkable feat.

Mr. Kitson had an excellent memory, and delighted to relate interesting incidents of his early Alpine experiences. After a serious illness about 22 years ago he gave up mountaineering, but he seldom failed to visit Switzerland in the spring of succeeding years. Though not a member of our Club, he took an interest in its doings, and on some special occasions came amongst us. He was an engineer of high attainments, with sound business qualifications, and withal a kind-hearted man.

REVIEWS.

THE ROOF-CLIMBER'S GUIDE TO TRINITY.

[BY G. W. YOUNG.]

(CAMBRIDGE: W. P. SPALDING [1899].)

THIS vast subject is here treated of in a little pamphlet containing but 35 pages in all, and on the title page we are assured that it is "a practical description of all Routes." Perhaps the novelty of writing on so important a topic has deterred the author from attempting in the letterpress a complete fulfilment of his promise of the title page. Or has he been so astonished at his discovery that roofs were built to climb that he has felt like

> "Stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes,
> He gazed at the Pacific—and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien,"

and become at length only sufficiently articulate to indicate faintly, and in general outline, the sporting qualities of the roofs of the largest college in either University? Possibly he is holding much back from us; he may have anticipated a solemn meeting of the Masters and Fellows of the College, assembled to discuss his pamphlet, and he may have had visions of the appointment of a sub-committee of this learned body, whose duty it should be to take his routes *seriatim*, and, standing safely on the grass in the quadrangle below, to instruct the trembling porters poised upon the ladder how best to lay the cunning barbed wire so that a suggested traverse here, or a dimly-sketched chimney there, may be rendered for ever impossible to all future aspiring "stegophilists."

The book certainly marks a new departure in literature, and as we read it we are filled with a feeling of regret that it was not given by nature to that noble breed of College cats to expend on letters some of that talent for the Muses in another form, which our ears, during the still watches of the night, so cheerfully acknowledge them to possess. Had the title run "The Roof-Climber's Guide to Trinity, by the Head Porter's Cat," then indeed we should have looked for an exhaustive treatise, wherein the subject was surveyed from every pinnacle and chimney top. But the author of the

pamphlet under discussion frankly admits that the complete circuit of the College roofs has never yet been achieved. It is the Great Gate that still remains the Virgin peak; the situation is "porter-swept," and the fall-pipes, by which alone the ascent can ultimately be gained, are justly described as "rheumatic;" while to crown the difficulties (and the fall-pipes) a large overhanging cornice presents itself before the summit can be reached, an obstacle which we are assured has never yet been surmounted.

It has always been a firmly-rooted tradition that once Lord Byron, after a night of revelry, ascended to the roof of the Library and crowned the statues of the various Virtues which adorn its summit with festal garlands; but, alas, our author hints that his historical researches lead him to suppose that the poet merely passed "up the turret stairs, breaking in at a window below and out at a door above." But the modern and more sporting method of ascent is by the "Great Chimney," which is in reality a flue for the passage of smoke, and not a fancy article such as may be met with in Switzerland. This chimney stands some three-and-a-half feet out from the wall of the Library, and is climbed by the "back and knee" method throughout, with occasional ledges of the slenderest description for breathing space; there are thrilling moments, as, for instance, when the climber, "bridging his body across the chimney, looks down upon the shadowy depths between his knees."

The climbs described are, for obvious reasons, undertaken only during the night-season, and footnotes such as this—"the contiguity of the Vice-Master's rooms calls for a respectful avoidance of all superfluous noise"—are scattered judiciously throughout the book. There is a pleasant account of the nocturnal aspect of Cambridge, as seen from the ridge of the steep-pitched roof of the Hall:—"The distant towers looming against the dark sky, lit by the flickering lamps far below; the gradations of light and shadow, marked by an occasional moving black speck seemingly in another world; the sheer wall descending into darkness at his side, above which he has been half suspended on his long ascent, the almost invisible barrier that the battlements from which he started seem to make to his terminating in the Cloisters if his arm slips, all contribute to making this deservedly-esteemed the finest view point in the College Alps."

It is hinted in the "Introduction" that the present "leaflet" is but a precursor to a monumental work which shall include "an outline of the history and literature, ancient and modern, and an account of the laws, methods, appliances, and phraseology peculiar to the art." It is almost unnecessary to say that climbers will await with breathless eagerness the publication of this masterpiece.

S. D. K.

By Moor and Fell: Landscapes and Lang settle Lore from West Yorkshire.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

(London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1899.)

The pleasant anticipations conjured up by the title of this book are more than fulfilled in the reading. With subtle charm the writer depicts the life and characteristics of some of the most interesting towns and districts of West Yorkshire, mingling past and present, history and legend, hard facts and sweet imaginings in a happy and original style well suited to his subject.

The opening chapters are devoted to Haworth and its enveloping moors grim and stern, and they present a vivid picture of the village and its sturdy inhabitants as well as of the outlying hamlets and isolated farmsteads hidden in the recesses of the moors. A great deal of the interest of Haworth centres around the Brontës, but by no means all of it. Mr. Sutcliffe says on this point:—

"Strangers come and go, thinking that the Brontës gave Haworth all its charm; but we who know it, whose fathers knew it before it was in touch with the outer world, have no sense of this sort; for before the Brontës crept into its life, to observe, and shiver a little, and reproduce, the village was hoary with storm and legend, instinct with the glamour which to-day is strong upon its children." Yet he gives them all their due, and shows how great a legacy they left Haworth. We are sorry that the Haworth folk do not cherish their memory in a less harsh spirit, though we must not expect the rough-hewn children of the moor to gush over "foreigners" who wrote "printed books," or regard with too much favour the latter-day pilgrims to their shrine, not all of whom, we fear, treat the moor and its denizens with the respect the latter think is their due.

Leaving Haworth reluctantly, we are taken by a pleasant path to Bingley, and, after being beguiled with Bingley lore and Bingley revels, we are quickly transported—having in some magical way missed grimy Keighley—to grand old Skipton, the old-time and present-day capital of Craven, round whose castle are gathered some of the most stirring memories of the North of England. What volumes of romance could be written of the Cliffords, the family that took so large and so noble a share in the making of England from Edward the First's time down to the Civil War, when, as if worn out with the long centuries of strife, it died away like the Royalist cause which Skipton fought for to the last. But, "though the Cliffords have crept into the shadows, their name lives yet, clear in the memory as if we had passed the time of day with each one of the line, from Clifford of Armada fame to the Shepherd Lord, from the Shepherd Lord to him who fell at Bannockburn." History can produce nothing more stirring than the struggle between the North of England and the Scots, from Bannockburn to Flodden Field, and the Cliffords and the staunch men of Craven who followed them into battle were ever in the thick of the fray. Loyal to the Crown always, the Cliffords resisted the terror of the "Pilgrimage of Grace," and successfully held their castle against the horde led by Lawyer Aske. We do not agree that this rising can be so easily disposed of as our author seems to think, or that all who took part in it were rogues and "refuse of the kennels." The suppression of the religious houses, with its attendant robbery, dealt a cruel blow to the poor, and in a lesser degree to all other classes. And as nothing was done to supply the want created by the sudden extinction of the abbeys, we can hardly think that the blow struck in defence of the old order was altogether unworthy.

We have other pictures too of Skipton, pictures of the days of Edmund Kean and of the Duchess of St. Albans visiting the Devonshire Arms, and her meetings with those who knew her in the old days as Harriet Mellon. What times those old days must have been, when players such as these graced the boards of the old theatre. At Grassington, too, and Threshfield, did the dales farmers enjoy the drama. They were no mean judges of the Stage these dalespeople, many of whom knew how to take their places in the cast as well.

The book takes us away north from Skipton to Buckden, and we get glimpses of many a bonny village by the way. The whole country is full of romance and beauty, and in the book the fells and people are all put before us in such a way that we feel we are walking and conversing with them ourselves. Not only the people of to-day, but past generations of fell folk come before us, and we hobnob with them all, entering fully into the joy and pathos of their toilsome yet restful existence. Not always restful, though, for we hear the cry of "The Scots! the Scots!" more than once, and we are fearful till the women and bairns are safe with the cobblers of Thorp. Anon, we are with the Cliffords at Bannockburn and Flodden, and sometimes we are engaged in little affairs with other clans in our own county, or even attending to little feuds at home. Then we return again to tending sheep on the fell sides, building walls and laithes and houses, and getting in the hay harvest. Of course there is time for a little sport and play; what with the deer that used to roam over the fells, the fish in the Wharfe and its merry tributaries, and the birds flying over all, everything, in fact, from poaching to play-acting, there is no time hanging heavily on our hands.

Not one of these fell villages is without its romance. For example there is Rylstone, with its tale of the fighting Nortons who perished in Elizabeth's reign; who does not know something of the old ballad of Percy, and who has not heard of the "White Doe of Rylstone"? Then there is Appletreewick, and the tale of the friendless lad, William Craven, who was sent away in a carrier's cart to London, and who set to work earnestly and steadfastly with the object of gaining enough to return to his well-loved home. Right well he worked, too, until he attained his end, and rich was his reward. He amassed wealth, became Lord Mayor of London, and was knighted, and, best of all, had his heart's desire. He returned to his native village and spent the evening of his life among the scenes he loved so well, doing so much good with his wealth that every generation since has had cause to bless his name. From the life stories of his sons, some of whom attained eminence in the land, and from those of many other children of the fells, we might cull many a story sweet as fresh-blown roses on a June morning; and the book is full of their fragrance.

H. H. B.

Highways and Byways in Yorkshire.

By Arthur H. Norway.

(London: Macmillan & Co. 1899.)

In this volume Mr. Norway has given us what is, in our opinion, the best of the excellent "Highways and Byways" series. To be sure, all Yorkshiremen will say that this is as it should be, their glorious county containing, as it certainly does, a measure of picturesque and historic interest fully proportionate -or even more than proportionate--to its size. In less skilful hands, however, this very abundance of material might have been so dealt with in the comparative limited space as to spoil the effect of the book. But the author wisely lays down a guiding rule to commence with, namely, that no attempt shall be made to describe, or even to mention, every "worthy" of Yorkshire. He reserves the right to pick and choose what he pleases, and leave the rest. The result is admirable, and though he adheres to his guiding principle he sets before us a comprehensive and faithful description of the county as it appears to-day. The book, of course, is not a topography, or a guide book, and it is hardly necessary to say that accounts of the manufacturing towns and the mining districts, with statistics of the rise and progress of their various industries, together with dimensions of buildings, heights of mountains, distances, times, and routes, are all absent from its pages. The style is fresh and original, and the readers' interest is fully sustained from beginning to end by the charming word-pictures of every place of interest visited by the author during his extended tour. If he rides a hobby he never lets it run away with him, and consequently his strong sense of the beautiful and the romantic, his knowledge of history and folklore, and his sympathy with the traditions of the North Country—though he is himself a southerner—all harmonise in the happiest manner.

Any person wishful of obtaining a fair impression of Yorkshire could hardly improve upon the tour described, especially if time had to be taken into consideration. It begins at Bawtry, and the route followed leads by Doncaster, along the Great North Road through the happy hunting ground of Robin Hood and his merry men—as also of his descendants down to the highwaymen of the late

coaching days—to Pontefract; thence by pleasant byways to Towton and York. From York it proceeds to Beverley and Hull, and continues along the coast as far as Scarborough; then a wide détour inland takes in Malton, Helmsley, and Pickering, and the coast is again reached at Whitby. From here the cliffs are followed until the sea is finally left at Staithes. From Staithes the route is continued through Guisborough, Cleveland, past Northallerton, Richmond, to Rokeby and Barnard Castle. Returning to Richmond, Swaledale is ascended, then the Ure—or, as we prefer it, the Yore -is traced from its source to Ripon and Boroughbridge. By way of Harrogate the Wharfe is reached at Ilkley, and left at Barden for a scamper into Craven and an ascent of Ingleborough. After a hasty glance at Ribblesdale, where Henry VI. was some time in hiding, a return is made to Skipton, and after passing down Airedale to Kirkstall Abbey the county is left by way of Wakefield, Barnsley, and Sheffield.

We quite agree that the chief beauty of Yorkshire is in the dales. There the scenery is the richest and the most varied, and there are principally to be found the landmarks of history —many of the finest churches, and certainly the most important abbeys and castles, round which are wrapped the stirring memories of a thousand years. Yes, it is to the dales we must go, and to the Vales of Mowbray and York, if we would see the plainest footprints of the great host that has gone before us, and catch something of the glamour of the past. We have not space to speak further of the historical ground covered than to mention the curious fact that, while the period of the Roman occupation receives a fair share of attention, the Saxon and Danish periods are passed over almost in silence, though our county possesses no inconsiderable remains of those days, and though it formed the chief part of that kingdom of Northumbria, where the fiercest struggles of the two contending races—including the last bloody battle of Stamford Bridge—took place. And this is all the more remarkable as the welding together of these nations—the Saxon with the Norse--produced those characteristics of the Northern folk so much dwelt upon by the author, which marked them off, and still distinguish them from Southerners, and those qualities which stood them in such good stead during the Middle Ages, when they ranged themselves under the banners of Balliol,

Scrope, Percy, Clifford, Fairfax, and many another noble name.

As we have already remarked, the author lays no claim to completeness, and he leaves still untouched a very wide field in this—roughly the central—part of the county. He admits that the bridges with comfortable parapets to lean upon, and the other restful influences of the dales villages, induced him to abandon his projected visits to many interesting spots, including Adel and Harewood. He might, indeed, have given us a long list of names equally suggestive of the beautiful in art and nature in Yorkshire, as, for instance: Selby, with its noble abbey-church, ranking next after Beverley and Ripon; the less well-known Birkin, with its unique gem of Norman architecture; Campsall, Kirkdale, and a hundred other famous churches, not to mention other features of equal interest.

He has also left untouched a wealth of material in Upper Wharfedale, in Nidderdale, and many other districts, including the highly interesting country bordering Lancashire and Westmorland from Clitheroe to Sedbergh; and, perhaps above all, the Craven Fells. Enough, and more than enough, remains for another volume. Is it too much to hope for a second series of "Highways and Byways in Yorkshire?" At any rate we shall welcome any further addition to the literature of the county from Mr. Norway's pen.

The volume is illustrated with numerous sketches by Mr. Joseph Pennell and Mr. Hugh Thomson. It is sufficient to say that these are in the best style of the two artists. But surely the sketch on page 351 entitled "Ingleborough from near Settle" presents a view of Pen-y-Ghent from near Horton Station! H. H. B.

THE CLIMBS OF NORMAN-NERUDA. EDITED, AND WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LAST CLIMB, BY MAY NORMAN-NERUDA.
(LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN. 1899.)

THIS, in many respects charming, addition to Alpine literature will possibly appeal more strongly to climbers than to the general reader. In some of the more exciting descriptions of rock climbing, where on a solitary ascent occurs the phrase "one inch false and I must have fallen," the uninitiated may be pardoned if he asks "Is the game worth the candle?"

Mr. Neruda's reputation as a fearless expert rock climber is well known, and his recollections of the minor details of some of his climbs are so marvellous that it is difficult to put down the book once one has begun some of the chapters. The peak which seemed to hold him magnetised, and upon which he spends much description, was the tragic scene of his last climb. Indeed, the Dolomite region seems to have been a lode star which year after year drew him to explore its chimneys and fastnesses, and the graphic accounts of the short but sporting climbs to be obtained there will doubtless attract more English people to the beauties of its scenery.

The pathetic circumstances under which the book is issued disarm adverse criticism, but after careful perusal of the chapter "Alone on the Dent Blanche," we are still of opinion that solitary climbing is not to be commended. A man may come through it safely — the odds are that he will—but the risks are so great, not from inability to overcome "technical difficulties," but from the many minor accidents of life, e.g., a broken leg, a sudden faintness in an awkward corner—which are of small account with one or two more at hand, but may be fatal alone—that for one out for his summer holiday to voluntarily incur them would seem unwise. The story of the climb is well told, and with pardonable pride; still, there might have been no story to tell.

To the majority the chapter on "technical difficulties" in mountaineering will come as a revelation. Hitherto the word "technical" has been a phrase highly prized by advocates of the New Education. It would seem now to have stormed the Crags of the mountains and fathomed the depths of crevasses. We have been spread-eagled on a rock face, or glued in a "kamin," we have hung ignominiously at the end of a rope in a crevasse, from all these passing discomforts we have been extricated as we best could, unconscious we were overcoming "technical difficulties." This is a progressive age!

The account of a modern fashionable peak is distinctly refreshing, containing as it does some sensible and well-put remarks on the foolish craze for notoriety which causes so many incapable people to attempt difficult peaks for the sake of entertaining the *table d'hote* with a description of their valour.

We have said that the book will appeal more to climbers than to the general reader. To this statement exception must be made in the author's description of the Alps out of season. Apart from the first chapter—which has a charm and pathos peculiarly its own, and at once arrests and holds the reader spellbound—the "Alps out of season" reveals the mountaineer in his best mood. He is no longer the gymnast or survivor of hair-breadth escapes: he sees and depicts, as well as pen can depict, the true glories of the Alps, and enables those who have hitherto not seen these effects to realise in some degree the strong chain which season after season draws the climber to gaze upon them.

We can well understand the work of preparing the manuscripts has been "a Labour of Love." The result has justified that labour. The book would have been read with pleasure in the author's lifetime; that it comes to us after his last climb, prepared by one associated with him in the closest ties, lends to it a fascinating interest.

L. S. C.

Catalogue of Books in the Library of the Alpine Club.

(Edinburgh University Press: T. & A. Constable. 1899.)

We are indebted to the Alpine Club for a copy of this work. Readers of the Alpine Journal of recent years may have noticed, from the lists given therein, how rapidly additions are being made to the Club's large collection of mountaineering literature. Not only have gaps on its shelves been filled by scarce Alpine works, but many less important books of travel in mountainous countries have been added, and these, together with the large number of recently published Alpine books acquired by the Club, have made this new catalogue very desirable. It is useful to men other than members of the Alpine Club, as the index of subjects, and the cross references to authors' names which it contains, form excellent guides for those who wish to know what has been written on—for example—any one part of the Alps.

We congratulate the Honorary Librarian on the work, in the compilation of which he acknowledges he has received much help from the Assistant Secretary of the Club.

RECENT BOOKS.

The Climbs of Norman-Neruda. Edited, and with an Account of his Last Climb, by May Norman-Neruda. With Portrait and 29 illustrations. Size 8⅝ by 5⅞, pp. 12. and 335. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1899. *Price 21s.*) Reviewed on p. 150.

The Valley of Light: Studies with Pen and Pencil in the Vaudois Valleys of Piedmont. By W. Basil Worsfold. With a map and illustrations. Size 8⅞ by 5⅝, pp. x. and 335. (London: Macmillan and Co., Limited. 1899. *Price 10s. net.*)

Alpine Memories. Being a Translation of Emile Javelle's "Souvenirs D'Un Alpiniste." By W. H. Chesson. With a Biographical and Literary Notice by Eugéne Rambert. Portraits and 3 illustrations. Size 8 × 5½, pp. 444. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1899. *Price 7s. 6d.*)

From the Alps to the Andes. Being the Autobiography of a Mountain Guide. By Mattias Zurbriggen. With 8 portraits and 47 illustrations. Size 8⅝ × 5⅝, pp. xvi. and 269. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1899. *Price 10s. 6d. net.*)

The Highest Andes. A record of the First Ascent of Aconcagua and Tupungato in Argentina, and the exploration of the surrounding valleys. By E. A. FitzGerald. With Chapters by Stuart Vines, and Contributions by Prof. Bonney and others. 51 illustrations, a panorama, and 2 maps. Size 9¼ × 6⅜, pp. xvi. and 390. (London: Methuen & Co. 1899. *Price 30s. net.*)

Peaks and Pines: Another Norway Book. By J. A. Lees, joint author of "Three in Norway." With 63 illustrations from sketches and photographs by the Author. Size 7⅞ × 5¼, pp. xii. and 378. (London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1899. *Price 6s.*)

The Roof-Climber's Guide to Trinity. [By G. W. Young] Containing a practical description of all routes. With plan and sketch illustrations. Size 7¼ × 4⅝, pp. 35. (Cambridge: W. P. Spalding [1899]. *Price 1s.*) Reviewed on p. 143.

By Moor and Fell: Landscapes and Lang-settle Lore from West Yorkshire. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. With 77 illustrations by George Hering. Size 7¼ × 5½, pp. vi. and 360. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1899. *Price 6s.*) Reviewed on p. 145.

Highways and Byways in Yorkshire. By Arthur H. Norway. With a route map, and 110 illustrations by Joseph Pennell and Hugh Thomson. Size 7¾ × 5⅜, pp. xiv. and 384. (London: Macmillan and Co. 1899. *Price 6s.*) Reviewed on p. 148.

Catalogue of Books in the Library of the Alpine Club. Size 8⅝ × 5½, pp. 223. (Edinburgh University Press: T. & A. Constable. 1899.) Reviewed on p. 152.

The Scientific Study of Scenery. By John E. Marr, M.A., F.R.S. With 21 illustrations and numerous diagrams. Size 7¼ × 4⅝, pp. ix and 368. (London: Methuen & Co. 1900. *Price 6s.*)

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